



REV. D. ROGERS.

# THE GATLING

WITH AMMUNITION FOR THE TEMPERANCE  
WARFARE.

BY

REV. D. ROGERS

*(Of the Guelph Conference).*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

REV. JOHN POTTS, D.D.

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## PREFACE.

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IT is now ten years since I published "Shot and Shell for the Temperance Conflict," which met with general approval and an immediate sale. Those years have witnessed progress in temperance work and moral reform, and I hope, before this decade closes, we will have upon our Statutes a prohibitory law, and the same in successful operation.

"The Gatling, with Ammunition for the Temperance Warfare," is, what its name implies—facts and arguments to be used in our conflict with the drink traffic. In its preparation I have given not only my own best thoughts on the points discussed, but likewise such selections as I have been able to utilize from others. In most instances I have given credit to the persons or papers quoted, though I have not been as particular in this regard as a member of a certain theological seminary, who was so sensitive as to any suspicion of plagiarism, that he never allowed himself to make the slightest quotation without



giving his authority, and on one occasion he commenced grace at breakfast thus: "Lord, we thank thee that we have awakened from the sleep which a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has called 'the image of death.'"

The volume might easily have been increased in size, but it is designed to be sold at a popular price, that it may have a speedy and general circulation.

I sincerely trust it may be helpful in the present crisis of the temperance reform.

D. R.

DUNGANNON, ONT.,

February 1st, 1894.

## I NTRODUCTION.

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MY friend Rogers' "Gatling" is intended more for use than for ornament. It is evidently not for holiday parade exhibition, but for the Prohibition campaigns upon which the Temperance army is entering. A good deal of what has gone before has been skirmishing, but skirmishing which has done effective execution. However, the fighting of the near future must be in solid ranks of the various regiments of the Temperance army. The time for politicians to play with Temperance, and for the agents of the liquor traffic to despise it, is past forever. The conflict in the near future will be terrific and, I fear, protracted, but of the outcome there is good ground for hope of victory, which shall bless our country from ocean to ocean.

This book is characterized by great variety of thought and style, which will make it all the more useful to Temperance workers. While it bears the intellectual impress of its author, and is a worthy child of his brain, it is

made more valuable to the public by the contributions of such men as the original and versatile Stafford, the classic Withrow, the heroic Carman, the solid McClung, the intellectually and morally vigorous Nugent, and the tireless Temperance worker, F. S. Spence.

The present is a juncture in the history of Prohibition which demands an adapted literature, and that is placed before us in the Rev. D. Rogers' "Gatling." While we insist upon the strong arm of the law in the form of prohibitory legislation, let us not overlook the immense importance of moral suasion in its educational influence upon the community. "The Gatling" should be in all our Sunday School libraries, for the hope of the cause is largely in the hands of the young people of the Church and of the country.

JOHN POTTS.

TORONTO, March, 1894.

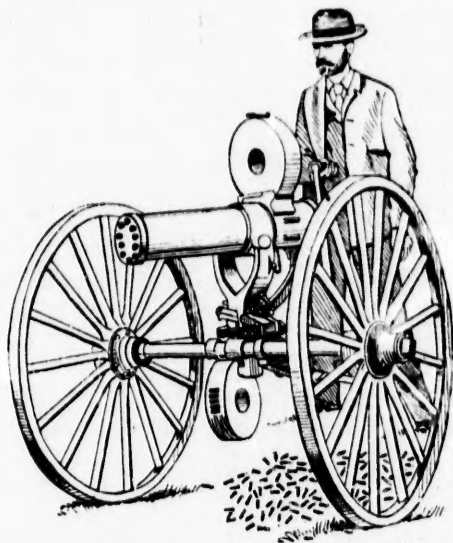
# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Abstinence, Advantages of .. .. .	84
A few words to the young ... .. .	113
Alcohol .. .. .	126
Axe at root of the tree, The .. .. .	64
Britons never shall be slaves. Rev. E. A. Stafford, D.D.	45
Brushing down webs .. .. . <i>Nashville Advocate</i>	66
Canada's temperance song .. .. .	37
Compensation .. .. .	78
Dangerous road, A .. .. .	134
Enthusiasts, fanatics, cranks, etc .. .. .	102
Figures that sting .. .. .	72
Funny temperance tale, A .. .. .	140
Greedy bottle, The .. .. .	133
High-license delusion, The .. .. .	39
Hold the fort .. .. . W. H. T.	63
How to deal with it .. .. .	32
Inside or out .. .. .	130
Intemperance .. .. . Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D.	30
Johnny Lea .. .. .	139
Liberty cry, The .. .. . Rev. A. Carman, D.D.	59
Liquor traffic, The .. .. .	27
Its destructive work .. .. .	28
Man-eating tree of Canada, The .. Rev. J. A. McClung	40

	PAGE
Manufactured articles .. .. .	87
Moderation, Danger of .. .. .	81
Our cause and its requirements .. Rev. F. E. Nugent	15
Parable, A .. .. .	138
Pledge, Take the .. .. .	116
"    The triple .. .. .	136
Prayer, A .. .. .	141
Present state and future prospects .. .. .	76
Prohibition .. .. .	49
"    does prohibit .. .. .	69
"    After, what then? .. .. .	68
Ram's horn, Blasts from the .. .. .	108
Reading, A word about .. .. .	121
Rum, The work of .. .. .	36
Stale trick, A .. .. .	.. F. S. Spence 91
Strong drink .. .. .	125
"    "    Why do men use .. .. .	19
Temperance and the Church of Christ .. .. .	94
"    Gospel .. .. .	92
"    Women and .. .. .	97
"    shots at random sent .. .. .	104
Touch it never .. .. .	123
Two-fold object, A .. .. .	99
Vote, How do you .. .. .	89
Warfare, The, and our methods .. .. .	11
Warning, Fair .. .. .	109
Where he usually begins .. .. .	129
Woodie's temperance speech .. .. .	131

PAGE  
87  
81  
15  
138  
116  
136  
141  
76  
49  
69  
68  
108  
121  
36  
91  
125  
19  
94  
92  
97  
104  
123  
99  
89  
11  
109  
129  
131

## THE GATLING.



### THE WARFARE AND OUR METHODS.

**N**O LOVER of his country can look upon the aggressive power of the liquor traffic without apprehension of danger. It is a standing menace to our most sacred rights as citizens, and destructive to everything pure and holy in our Christian civilization—hence the warfare.

To be successful in a campaign, we require three things:

1. *A Good Cause.*—We claim we have that—the elevation of man, the suppression of evil, the happiness of the home and the eternal welfare of the race.

2. *Able Advocacy.*—We have in our churches and temperance organizations men and women, good and true, who have never wearied in their efforts to advance the interests of this good cause, at the sacrifice of both time and means. By far the greater part of our best men, lay and clerical, are advocates of Prohibition, and the Churches as a whole speak strongly and warmly in its favor.

3. *Opposition.*—We have that, too. For obvious reasons, men who traffic in drink—from the distiller down to the vendor in the lowest saloon—seek to vigorously oppose us. Though the opposition represents moneyed interests, it can no longer buy up the morality of the people at the polls.

Rev. Dr. Brethour says: "We may not have gigantic intellects, but we have gigantic principles, gigantic opposition, and we need gigantic courage." True. Though Prohibition has received the endorsement of two-thirds or more of the people voting on the question, January 1st, 1894, yet before we ultimately gain the day many a hard battle must be fought. The conscience of the community needs to be more fully aroused, stirred up and kept stirred up by public temperance meetings, the dissemination of temperance books, papers, etc, and ringing appeals from the pulpits of the Dominion.

Our methods are:

1. *Moral Suasion.*—We have labored on this line for years, and not without success. Many have been induced to abandon drink, commence to lead sober

lives and become respectable citizens, and not a few have been saved from sin and united with the churches. Whatever may be our future success on legal lines, we must never cease our efforts in trying to lift up the fallen, and save our fellowmen from the curse of strong drink. It is just possible that for too many years we were so busy in trying to take the drunkard from the drink that we neglected to demand that the drink should be taken from the drunkard.

2. *Legal Suasion or Prohibition.*—As affects the individual, we can only rely on moral suasion. We can show him the certain outcome of dissipation, that strong drink is death, but we do not presume to fix his diet or tell him how he must quench his thirst. We insist, however, that the citizens of every community have an unquestionable right to abate any nuisance or destroy any agency that works against good order and good morals. The fact that law licenses the sale of drink is an acknowledgment that the traffic is amenable to law, hence we demand its abolition by a prohibitory measure. In our statute books the principle of Prohibition is already recognized. It is in our code of criminal legislation. It is found to some extent in the system of legalized license which limits the places, days and hours at which strong drink may be sold. And by law it is made a matter of option for municipalities whether they will allow the traffic in strong drink within their bounds. Can there then be any valid objection to Prohibition



on a wider and more effective scale? Under license we have a prohibitory clause affecting the sale of drink from Saturday night till Monday morning. To a certain extent that law is violated, but no one pleads for its repeal on that account. Out of that grows this logical question: If Prohibition one day in the week is a good thing, even though some violate it, would not Prohibition seven days in the week be a much better thing even though some should still break the law? Bishop Galloway says: "I am in favor of mental suasion for the man who thinks, moral suasion for the man who drinks, legal suasion for the man who sells, and prison suasion for the man who makes." Do you claim to be a temperance man and yet say, "I don't like the *methods* proposed by temperance men to abate the evils of drunkenness?" If you know a better way, in the name of humanity let us have it. If not, be quiet.

Yes, this is a warfare. We wage a fiercer one than that of bullet and bayonet, and far more vital to human good. It is a struggle whose echoes reach the stars, and enlist the hosts of heaven. Step to the front and give yourselves, your powers and your means to stay the enemy of God and man. Discouragement has no rightful place in the vocabulary of men who are sure they are right.

We now turn "The Gatling" on the foe, to give it hot-shot at short range all along the line, and let all the people say, Amen.

## OUR CAUSE AND ITS REQUIREMENTS.

BY REV. F. E. NUGENT, PALMERSTON, ONT.

**D**IPLOMACY, strategy, instruments, implements, are among the means depended upon for successful conflicts in the world's great battlefields. But no matter how wise the diplomacy, how shrewd the stratagem, how unsurpassed the instruments, or how modern the implements, much will depend upon the bravery—the heroism—that uses and controls the whole.

Imagination, memory, judgment, will, includes the entirety of mental being, any one of which faculties being absent, or even weak in itself, interferes with and greatly impairs the capabilities of the being, and no man can be, in the highest sense, capable until his will is guided by judgment, and in turn judgment directs his will, and both order and direct imagination and memory in the performance of duties within their sphere.

What is true of the individual comes to apply to man in the aggregate.

Judgment, enlightened by reason, 'guided' by knowledge, aided by a will that is dauntless, is essential to the accomplishment of many of his duties in life.

In no sphere of action will this be found to be more applicable than in the battlefield of temperance reform. Here all the capabilities of the imagination to invent ideas, all the possessions in the storehouse

of memory, all the keenness in perception, in judgment, and all the indomitableness in will, will find fitting sphere for their action and lasting occupation for their powers.

We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against spiritual wickedness in high places—wickedness made hoary with age, made reputable by religious association, made honorable by law, and admitted, by some at least, to be essential to all that binds us as individuals into society, and holds us together as a state.

But a tremendous awakening has taken place. Scientist and philosopher, statesman and moralist, have been at work, and the verdict rendered is: "*A licensed rum traffic is wrong.*" Hence ways and means are being sought to drive this wrong and wrong-doing from the land.

The public press, the council chamber, the Legislature, the pulpit, the Sunday School, the prayer-meeting room, and last but not least this Province of Ontario, have contributed their quota of effort to drive this wrong from our country. One tremendous "Yes" rings through our Province from one end to the other. "*Yes, We are in favor of the immediate prohibition of the manufacture and sale for beverage purposes of intoxicating liquors.*"

Unquestionably we have now reached a place in this conflict where some change of method will be useful if not necessary.

The work of the statistician is done, and well done.

The old-time temperance joker, and the platform mountebank will find their usefulness gone. The broken-down demagogue and adventurer will no longer find agreeable employment in this intensely practical conflict. It becomes now a question of "fight or die," and the man who is afraid to die will not be of much use in the battle.

The adventurer, the politician, the preacher, who is afraid to die in forwarding this cause, will be made to die by its triumphant march to victory.

No more "Queen Ann," or "Queen Bess," or "Enfield" rifles will be used in this warfare, but *repeaters*—"Gatling" guns—manned by energy that is tireless, and heroism that is dauntless; whose watchword is "No surrender," and whose motto is "Excelsior," until we present our heaven-given heritage at the throne of God with a triumphant "Lord, the talents thou gavest us have gained other talents beside them!"

Hitherto much diversity of opinion concerning instrumentalities and methods of work—in some instances amounting almost to antagonism—has characterized the temperance host. Now the time has come for unity of action. No more Grit envying Tory, or Tory vexing Grit, but, as in the days of Benjamin against Gibeah, going up against a common foe, "knit together as the heart of one man."

Leadership is among the great essentials just now to carry our banners to victory. Leadership in Church and State.

Many men, aye and women too, we have who are linked on to this forward movement, but not wholly absorbed in it. Men and women are wanted who, like Luther, cry, "God help me, I cannot do anything else."

Now, among those who have espoused this cause, there seems to be as much ambition as qualification for leadership. Ambition is not so much a desideratum as capability. Men who can command the confidence of those who know them best; men in the Church whom the Church delights to honor; men in practical politics who keep principle above party, and who would rather be right than lead a party to victory.

Leadership such as was Knox's, such as was Pitt's, Wilberforce's, W. Lloyd Garrison's, John B. Finch's; logical, philosophical, courteous, tremendously in earnest.

Some of our so-called Christian churches are respectable shelters for the manufacture and retail of strong drink. Some of our constituencies are not above sending whiskey men to make our national laws. Some of our governments are not above appointing wine-bibbers to positions of trust, not excepting judicial functionaries; and it will require skill, courage and united action to root out of society and civil government this traffic and its hoard of attendant evils—evils compared with which all others are but trifles.

Fiscal mismanagement may embarrass, national

policies may cripple, pedantry may and will breed sycophantism, but this evil brings forth death and death only.

Some would-be friends of our cause speak and talk about it as though, in some way, the Bible and God Almighty countenanced the traffic. Out on such friendship! A Bible, a God—I use the term most reverently—who would lend any countenance whatever to this foe with which we are now dealing, would be unworthy human respect, to say nothing about obedience and worship!

Up! then, my brothers, let no cry of “fanaticism” awaken fears in your soul; let no pleading in behalf of the monster slacken your speed; no combined forces of the enemy retard your progress, but, with faith in God, and faith in our cause, and faith in one another, push onward until legislatures, parliaments and governments all, will have done the bidding of a people whose judgment is guided by knowledge, whose will is omnipotent, and whose courage never falters, “a peculiar people, zealous of good works.”

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#### WHY DO MEN USE STRONG DRINK?

THERE are three things about which some people quarrel more easily and quickly than about anything else—entire sanctification, politics and temperance. If two men will sit down and argue about any one of these for half an hour and keep their

temper, their photographs ought to be put up somewhere on public exhibition. I can't understand why one man cannot allow another to have his opinion without getting angry with him. If I want to convince a man that he is in the wrong, I must aim at his reason, and in an open, charitable spirit give him credit for honesty in standing where he does. No good ever comes from harshness, and he who can't control himself in an argument is almost sure to lose. I would protest against ransacking the dictionary to find explosive adjectives to hurl at all who honestly differ from us in their views of great moral and political questions. "Yes," says one, "that's so, these temperance people are all cranks, fanatics, fools." Now, don't you see, my friend, that you are exhibiting the very same spirit that you condemn in others, a spirit that would gag all discussion, and put the thumb-screws on all liberty. If you want to prove to these people that you are right and they are wrong, do it not by calling them fools, but by fair, satisfactory argument. "Well," you say, "I can easily do that." All right, my friend, go ahead. "Well, there's that case of Timothy, didn't Paul tell him to take a little wine for his stomach's sake and for his often infirmities?" Yes, you are correct; but you see that is a prescription for a weak stomach, a case of indigestion, possibly, or some derangement of that important physical organ. Have you a diseased stomach? If so, then you go and get some of the same class of wine, not a wine made out of the very same barrel

from which whiskey, brandy and other liquors are made, and we will talk about the propriety of using it. But you will find it extremely difficult to get wine that has not alcohol put into it, and alcohol is procured by distillation, an art not known for a thousand years after Timothy's day. I would like to know, too, how long Timothy used his wine. I find nowadays this medicine takes a long time to effect a cure. Some have been dosing themselves for years, and yet their stomachs are as bad as ever. If your physican told you to take a dessert-spoonful of liquid quinine three times a day, you would not want to keep that up for years. We fear the friends of drink cannot find much comfort in Paul's advice to Timothy. Such would do well to adopt the sentiment of the man who, when this passage was quoted, replied, "My name is not Timothy, and I do not have often infirmities; there's nothing the matter with my stomach, and I do not need even a *little* wine."

Another much-quoted passage is the account of Jesus turning water into wine at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. A poor man in England is said to have been strongly pressed with this argument, and his reply was, "I desire always to follow my blessed Master in all things, and I find Him saying, in that record, 'Fill the water-pots with water,' therefore I fill my glass with water, and if He is pleased to work a miracle and turn it into wine, then I won't refuse to drink it. But, until that is done I will stick to water."



But why do men drink? Perhaps four correct answers may be given to that question.

1. Some drink because they come into this world with an inherited taste for stimulants. Just as children sometimes enter upon life dowered with the physical diseases of their parents, so many a poor creature is launched upon life cursed with abnormal tastes and habits and predispositions. It might almost be said that some people are born drunkards. Good men have been known who would fight against the desire for drink, and keep sober for years, but fall at length before the destroyer. A man said to a minister, "I carry the curse imposed by the law of heredity. My great-grandfather, my grandfather, my father and my four brothers all died drunkards, and, God help me, I often fear for myself." Hercules is said to have wrestled with serpents in his cradle. Some people wrestle with devils, and all their life is one unceasing conflict.

2. Others drink because of the good fellowship it is supposed to involve. Some go further, and say the dignity it involves. It is that villainous custom of treating that leads so many astray. If you could wipe out that stupid, infernal custom, you would save many a fine young fellow and shut up many a grog-shop. Two or three, or half a dozen, meet, and one says, "Come and have a drink," and the dignity of hospitality must be returned by another, and before the man knows it he has lost a clear brain and a level head. Never offer a man a drink of liquor. "Woe

to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." Treating—why it's the devil's own method of leading men astray. If this custom were stamped out, it would go far towards rescuing this land from the hand of the destroyer.

3. Others drink under the mistaken notion that it is good for their health. I do not say that alcohol has not its medicinal place. I admit that the wise physician may use it in certain stages of disease with advantage, though many discard its use altogether in their practice. I believe no one in a state of health can use it without detriment to his body. I am not prepared to discuss the physiological effects of alcohol, but I stand by the assertion that the most highly and most scientifically educated physicians of the world declare that strong drink is not only not necessary, but positively injurious, even when statedly taken in the strictest moderation. In the harvest field the man who drinks water in which a little oatmeal is mixed, will do more work and endure the heat better than the man who drinks whiskey. Amid the cold of the Arctic Circle, a man, as Dr. Kane proved, will stand the cold better on water than on rum. Alcohol is not a food—it has no permanent heating power, it will not assimilate, as bread or water do—it is an unwholesome irritant poison. Of course, there are physicians who combat the views of Dr. Richardson and others on this matter, but I challenge contradiction when I say that the majority of leading physicians and scientists are as one in the well authenticated belief

that no amount of alcohol is required by a man in health, and that its most moderate use is opposed to a proper working of that most complex and beautiful machine, the human body. Dr. Dio Lewis says, "We put a drop of alcohol into a man's eye. It poisons it. We try it upon the lining of a living stomach. Again it poisons it. We study, after death, the stomachs of drinking men, and find alcohol produces, in regular stages, redness, intense congestion, morbid secretions, deeper hurt, destruction of parts, utter ruin. We study its influence upon the health and strength of sailors and soldiers, and find it helps to freeze them in the Arctic Regions and exhaust them in the tropics. We watch two regiments on a long march in India, one with and the other without grog, and are driven to the conclusion that even moderate quantities of alcohol weaken the muscles and break the endurance. We visit the training ground of oarsmen, pedestrians and prize-fighters, and learn everywhere the same lesson—alcohol is a poison to muscle and brain."

4. Some drink because they like it. It is astonishing to hear the various excuses offered in defence of its use. One says he needs it as an appetizer, another takes it for sleeplessness, and another for nervousness, and so on through the whole round of the often infirmities. They are like the college boys with the smoking. The professor came upon a covey of them suddenly, each one smoking a clay pipe. "What do you smoke for?" said he to one. "I can't sleep at night, and a few whiffs quiet my nerves." Thus he

went around them all until he came to the last, and the other fellows had exhausted all the diseases he had ever heard of, and so when the professor said, "And what do you smoke for?" he hesitated a little, then stammered out, "I smoke for corns."

I have said some drink because they like it. They began, it may be, with a very little, and at the first its taste and effects were but very slightly pleasing. But by and by they learned to desire it—they found a strange propensity starting up—they heard its voice at certain hours of the day—habit was formed—taste was acquired—the chain which at first seemed to be a chain of flowers, proved to be a chain of iron; and for the love of it, how they will brave any danger, trample on all that is sacred in the home, starve wife and child, and resort to every artful method for getting that which is ruining them body and soul. Yet men will tell you that you may use this spirit in moderation, though it will be safer for you not to commence the moderation plan until you are twenty-one years of age. If there is danger for twenty years eleven months and thirty days, there is danger after twenty-one. If I have to cage up a lion for twenty-one years, I'll swear by the Eternal that I'll keep him caged while I live, and at death will give my son the key, with the prayer that he may kill him, or keep him still in durance vile. Notwithstanding its danger, there are still a few among us who talk about this thing as "a good creature of God," reminding us of the memorable words of the eminent Scotch



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divine, the late Dr. Guthrie, who said: "I have heard a man with a bottle of whiskey in his hand have the impudence and assurance to say, 'Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving;' and he would persuade me that what was made in the still-pot was a creature of God. In one sense it is so, but in the same sense so is arsenic, so is oil of vitriol, and so is prussic acid. Think of a fellow tossing off a glass of vitriol, and excusing himself by saying that it is a good creature of God! He would not use many such creatures, that's all I'll say."

Touch not, taste not, handle not.

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### THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

**A** VOICE FROM THE JUDGES.—"If it were not for this drinking, you (the jury) and I would have nothing to do."—*Patterson*.

"There is scarcely a crime comes before me that is not, directly or indirectly, caused by strong drink."—*Coleridge*.

"If all men could be dissuaded from the use of intoxicating liquors, the office of a judge would be a sinecure."—*Alderson*.

"I find in every calendar that comes before me one unfailing source, directly or indirectly, of most of the crimes that are committed—intemperance."—*Wightman*.

"Experience has proved that *almost all crime* into which juries have had to inquire may be traced, in one way or another, to drink."—*Williams*.

And we select the following as a sample: The gaol statistics of Perth County for the year ending September 30th, 1893, show the number of persons committed in Stratford, Ont., to be 125, and of these 82 were of intemperate habits.

### 1. ITS DESTRUCTIVE WORK.

It spreads irreligion, idleness, poverty and crime among the people. The late Dr. Brooks declared that, "if we could sweep intemperance out of the country, there would hardly be poverty enough left to give healthy exercise to the charitable impulses." And when we are told of the immense amount of money that goes for drink, all the poetry is taken out of our talk about "hard times." Shall we sit idly by, and allow this work of demoralization to proceed unchecked? Are the financial interests of the liquor sellers, who fatten on the ruin of others, to outweigh the interests of the people?

A wealthy man in St. Louis was asked to aid in a series of temperance meetings, but he haughtily refused. Upon being further urged, he coolly dismissed them with the remark, "Gentlemen, it is not my business." A few days later, his wife and two daughters were coming home on the lightning express. In his grand carriage, with liveried coachman, he rode to the depot to meet them. As he reached the station,

he heard the word "accident." It is his "business" now. On which road? The very road and train by which his family are returning. Where? Twenty miles away. He telegraphs the Superintendent, "I will give \$500 for an extra engine." The answer comes, "No." Again he telegraphs, "Will give \$1,000 for an engine." He answers, "A train has already gone forward with surgeons and nurses, and we have no other." With white face and awful anxiety he paced the station to and fro. That is his "business" now. In half an hour, which seemed half a century to him, the train arrived. He hurried toward it, and in the baggage car found the lifeless remains of his wife and one daughter. In the next car lay the crushed form of the other daughter, her life fast ebbing away. A quart of whiskey, drank by a railroad employee, was the cause of the catastrophe. Who dares say of this tremendous question, "It is not my business?"

"There walketh a fiend o'er the glad, green earth,  
By the side of the reaper, Death;  
He dazzles alike by the glare of mirth,  
Or quenches the light of the household hearth,  
With his foul and withering breath."

"It would take a pen plucked from the wing of the destroying angel and dipped in blood" to describe the traffic's deadly work.



## INTEMPERANCE.

## AN IMPEACHMENT AND AN APPEAL.

BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, D. D.

THERE is a deep significance in the old Homeric legend of the sorceress Circe, whose fell enchantments made men forget name and fame and duty, and finally changed them into swine. This ancient myth reads like an allegory, in which are strikingly represented the fatal fascinations of the modern sorceress, Intemperance, whose poisoned cup beguiles men of their manhood, banishes the love of wife and child, makes them forget the claims of God and humanity, and degrading to the likeness of beasts, causes them to wallow like swine in the sty of sensuality. This fearful spell is upon many of our fellow-beings. These fatal enchantments beset them on every side. The innocent and unwary, the young and fair, the strong and brave, are continually falling under their power.

In the name of God and humanity we impeach this giant evil of Intemperance, as the cause of more of sin and sorrow, of blight and desolation in our world than all other forms of vice together. In proof of this terrible indictment we appeal to the mighty cloud of witnesses, who, wrecked and ruined in mind, body and estate, with tattered garb and tottering gait, with blood-shot eye and palsied frame, bear evidence to its brutifying and demoralizing influence. Once they were happy, honored and respected, now spurned,

condemned and fallen, none are so poor as to do them reverence. From the dark profound of hell itself, livid forms of horror and affright seem to arise, and in a hollow wail of woe to execrate the accursed vice that brought them to such deep and endless misery.

We appeal to you, young men, if you would not bring down a father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, nor plant a dagger in a mother's heart, that you at once and forever forswear the use of intoxicating drinks and give your influence to the cause of temperance and of God.

To you, young ladies, we especially appeal. A potent influence is yours. You are the true regents of society. To you is committed a fairy wand of magic influence whereby you may bless or ban mankind, and affect for weal or woe their eternal destiny. Oh, then by the love you bear your fathers, your brothers, or it may be

A nearer  
One still and a dearer  
One yet than all others,

we pray you give no countenance to the drinking usages of society. Throw not, we conjure you, the witchery of your smiles around the cup, nor beguile by the blandishment of your beauty, immortal souls to endless ruin. Become not, we beseech you, the fair temptresses, it may be to perdition, of those you love dearest and best. Be rather the guardian angels of their lives, to counter-work the evil charm of temptation. Thus shall you shine forever, beautiful and

star-like in their souls, and your memory, enshrined within their heart of hearts, shall be as a talisman in life's trial hour—a potent spell to keep their souls from sin.

Finally, to every good patriot would we appeal, if you truly love your country, this fair and goodly land, this freest land on earth, this land o'ershadowed by the broad, free banner of England—long may it wave!—if you desire its prosperity, if you wish its welfare, if you would see

“This nation, young and strong, and fair,  
To the full stature of its greatness grow,”

and take its place as peer among the foremost nations of the earth, cast in your influence on the side of God and of humanity, in the conflict now waging with the direst foe by which our country is cursed, and soon this great national sin, and shame, and bane, shall be banished from our land forever.

#### HOW TO DEAL WITH IT.

THERE are three ways proposed of dealing with the liquor traffic. One is to throw no restrictions whatever around it, making it free, and putting it on the same basis as any legitimate or respectable business. Another is the license system; in other words, saying, “It matters not how much destruction you send broadcast, if you will only pay us for it. You may stimulate the worst passions of the worst

man. We will provide police and judges to take care of your manufactured articles, but for decency sake you must submit to a few restrictions." This is a double wrong: (1) It permits and sanctions what is an admitted evil. (2) It accepts a fee for this unjustifiable indulgence. Connivance at crime is rightly recognized by law as criminal, acceptance of a consideration for such connivance adds the guilt of corruption to the guilt of participation.

" We boast of education,  
Of laws to punish ill,  
Yet license desolation—  
Yes! *license men to kill.*"

At a recent temperance meeting in Toronto, a man asked the speaker what was the origin of the license system. The reply was: "It originated with the devil. He made the first proposition of license to the Son of God on the mountain. He offered Him high-license—he would give Him the whole world if He would fall down and worship him. The Son of God refused, and stood on the ground of total prohibition of wrong. It originated with the devil because God does not license any evils, but prohibits them; and all Christians should stand on that side." License proposes to regulate whiskey *in* men, but Prohibition proposes to keep whiskey *out* of men. Which is the more practical? Geo. W. Bain, of Kentucky, says: "Noah and the devil went, long ago, into the liquor industry. Noah has quit the business, but the devil has enlarged the firm and taken in the Government."

Christian men everywhere are seeing more clearly the sin of making legal that which God has stamped with His own word of condemnation; and worldly men are being led by this agitation to question seriously the wisdom of licensing the cause of crime and punishing the effect. The following declarations are worthy of thoughtful consideration:

"Luxury, my lords, is to be taxed, but *vice prohibited*. Let the difficulty be what it may, would you levy a tax upon a breach of the Ten Commandments? Government should not, for revenue, mortgage the morals and health of the people."—*Lord Chesterfield*.

"If a loss of revenue should accrue to the United States from a diminished consumption of ardent spirits, she will be a gainer of a thousand fold in the health, wealth and happiness of the people."—*Justice Grier*.

The heathen shames us,—hear him: "It is true I cannot prevent the introduction of the glowing poison. Gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes, but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people."—*Emperor of China*.

"If the liquor traffic is wrong, then revenue derived from it is repugnant to every principle of justice."—*Hon. John O'Donnell*.

"I cannot consent, as your queen, to take a revenue from that which destroys the souls and bodies of my subjects."—*Queen of Madagascar*.

"Gentlemen, you need not give yourselves any trouble about the revenue. The question of revenue must never stand in the way of needful reforms. Besides, with a sober population, not wasting their earnings, I shall know where to obtain the revenue."  
—*W. E. Gladstone.*

"The government does not want the money raised by whiskey taxation for any of its legitimate purposes, and it has been proven a fallacy to claim that the taxation helps the suppression of the drink traffic. The whole thing is unsavory, unwise and unprofitable, and had better be cleaned out, in the interest of healthy civilization."—*Hon. Henry B. Metcalf.*

Scripture: "It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood."—*Matt. xxvii. 6.*

We do not favor either license, toleration, taxation or regulation for the traffic. We are in favor of its everlasting banishment, extinction, extirpation, termination, destruction, annihilation, expulsion, abolition, condemnation, and its sentence to endless non-existence.

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Oh! happy, happy tidings,  
That reach our ears to-day,  
The temperance flags are flying,  
Along the great highway;  
The trumpet blast has sounded  
O'er mountain, hill and lea,  
The tyrant, Rum, is tottering,  
Our land shall yet be free.



## THE WORK OF RUM.

A PART of its work may be stated in a few words. It impoverishes families, creates animosity between husbands and wives, retards the Gospel chariot wheels, peoples madhouses, pleases the devil, replenishes the grave, plants the dying pillow with thorns, condemns at the judgment day, and shuts the drunkard up in hell.

The quantity of liquor drank, adulterated and disguised in the shape of medicine, gives the rum-fiend much help in his murderous work of drunkard making. He does not refuse help even from Christian people. The greatest obstacles encountered by the missionaries proceed from the drunkenness and vice introduced by nominally Christian nations. John Williams, the martyr missionary of the Pacific Islands, said: "I dread the arrival of an American ship, for though she may have more missionaries in her cabin, she brings in her hold the death-water of damnation." A similar and striking statement has been recently made by Bishop Wm. Taylor, of Africa, who says that rum and Christianity are so associated

in the minds of the natives that they have called a distillery there "Bon Jesus," meaning Good Jesus. When shall the work of rum cease to be legalized by this Christian Canada of ours?

An impressive scene is presented to the view as you approach a certain city. Just beyond you in the valley are huge distilleries, with a capacity for hundreds of barrels of whiskey per day. Farther out to the left, on an elevation, is the city infirmary, where the victims of this business are cared for at public expense. A little farther still, and in full view, is the cemetery, where lie the bones of thousands of victims of the rum traffic.

"Widowed hearts and homes deserted,  
Helpless children orphans made;  
What a picture! God of mercy,  
Let the cruel tide be stayed."

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### CANADA'S TEMPERANCE SONG.

WE'VE had enough of license laws, enough of liquor's  
taxes;  
We've turned the grindstone long enough, 'tis time to swing  
our axes;  
This deadly Upas-tree must fall—let strokes be strong and  
steady;  
Pull up the stumps! grub out the roots! oh, brothers, are you  
ready?  
No longer will we shield this foe to manhood, love and beauty;  
We've had enough of compromise—the *right* alone is duty;



Enough of weak men and distrust—the burden grows by  
shifting ;

Let's put our shoulder to the wheel, and do our share of lifting.

We've had enough of forging chains this demon drink to fetter ;  
Good bullets from the ballot-box, well sped, will fix him better !  
Will ye not hunt him to the death ? speak out, speak out, oh,  
brothers !

Will ye not sound the bugle-call, oh, sisters, wives and mothers ?

CHORUS—For regulation laws, “ No, no ! ”

For Prohibition, “ Yes.”

—Anon.



## THE HIGH LICENSE DELUSION.

WE oppose high license, and other similar devices, because they are a delusion and a snare. If it is wrong to license evil of any kind, the case is not bettered by taking a large fee to allow a few to carry on the monopoly of ruin. The higher the fee and the more it is sought to make the place and business "respectable," the greater the danger. Many of the elegant club-houses in our large cities are really the dens of wolves, where, amid the fascinations of glittering lights, rich upholsteries, card-tables and champagne, many a youth is "led to the slaughter."

Are the widow and children of the drunkard any better off because the husband and father was ruined in a high-licensed saloon? What difference does it make to me whether my boy is seduced to drink in a place where the proprietor pays \$1,000 or \$50 for his license? The results are much the same, and the agitation for high license was simply a dodge, invented in the States, by which the days of the traffic might be prolonged. Some temperance people were led to favor it, under the impression that it might be a step in advance, but they soon saw the folly of "regulating," and learned that if law can suppress low drinking shops it can also close down the "tony" high-licensed saloons. Never allow the high-license delusion and cheat to divide or enfeeble our forces.

It is related of a certain hard drinker that he wanted to sign the pledge, on condition that he be

allowed one glass a day. He wanted to let himself down easy. So he wrote his name. "Now," said his friend, "you must remember, Patrick, that you are only to drink one glass a day." Patrick remembered it, and bought himself a tumbler that held a pint. That is high license. If it breaks the little tumblers, it turns the liquor into larger ones. Patrick will get his usual amount all the same.

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\* THE MAN-EATING TREE OF CANADA.

BY REV. J. A. M'CLUNG, TREHERNE, MAN.

NOT long ago a friend of mine told me he had been reading of a singular production of nature (so-called at least), named the Man-eating Tree of Madagascar. My informant said that it was customary for the natives, on certain occasions, to select one of their own number, whom they would unite in compelling to climb to the centre of the great sensitive plant, when its enormous cactus-like leaves would begin gradually to close upon him, in pressing closer and closer with an irresistible force, till the blood ran from every pore of his body and mingled with a kind of liquid which exuded from the plant, and, trickling down, is caught and drank with a kind of infernal glee for its intoxicating properties.

Now, I have searched the Encyclopædias, from the

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\* This article and Dr. Stafford's poem were specially contributed to "Shot and Shell," but as they are so timely and appropriate they deserve to be reproduced in "The Gatling."

"Britannica" down, for anything answering to this description, but in vain. After searching among the books till weary, I had a dream; and in my dream I saw right here, in our beautiful, Christian Ontario, what I had sought in vain as a product of a foreign clime and heathen practice. It was so large that its long, sinuous arms covered the whole of our fair Province, and was in danger of covering the Dominion. They don't call it by the harsh name of the "Man-eating Tree." It would be too frightful to call it by a name that would describe it. So they call it the "Liquor Traffic" or "Licensed Victuallers' Association." This tree puts forth limbs far-reaching and powerful, but they called them Distilleries, Breweries, Saloons, Taverns. And I saw in my dream, and behold men climbed its sinuous branches by hundreds, and put themselves in its deadly grasp. I saw men, apparently sensible men in other matters, take property and life and all, and cast themselves into the capacious maw of this vegetable devil-fish, for it seemed to live and grow strong on whatever robbed poor humanity of home and happiness. Worse than all, I saw men drag helpless women and children—their mothers, their wives, their children—and with hellish shriek, mingled with blasphemy, fling them in, and their blood ran down a livid stream.

Wondering what was the power of this tree which seemed to have such fatal influence in drawing men with irresistible force to their ruin, I thought that Shakespeare appeared to me, and I asked him what

was the secret of this fatal power. "The 'invisible spirit of wine' which I call 'devil,'" was his reply.

Around this tree I saw many of its worshippers who were loud in its praises. I saw statesmen there, and as they held up the loathsome mixture they said it is worth \$5,000,000, and the country could not do without it. Political parties danced around it in high glee, for it casts its protecting shadow over the throne of our Sublime Chief. And so I saw once in four years—sometimes oftener—the supporters of Her Majesty's Government, or the supporters of Her Majesty's Opposition, as the case may be, gathered to water it carefully with a funny kind of pail they called a "ballot box." And I saw in my dream that, however they differed on other things of minor importance, they seemed mostly to agree in shouting, "Great are the benefits of the mighty Man-eater, for he brings much gain to our party, and our Chief sits under its shadow and eats its fruit with much delight." And they appointed sedate men, men of broad views, to fence it and care for it. And behold, I saw it surrounded by a fence, great and high, built of that beautiful picket that they call "lie-sins" (license). Beyond this fence they said it must not grow; but it did grow. And men were drawn by its long arms, and they were crushed, and they cursed the day they were born; and others drank of their blood and cried, "Great is the Man-eater."

And I saw doctors there who said it must live, for great were its healing virtues, and our patients grow

vigorous under its shadow. And yet I saw a thousand die by its tortures for one that was benefited by its virtues.

Stranger than all, I heard learned divines wax eloquent in its praises, because they say Jesus planted a root of it by His first miracle in Cana of Galilee, and presented it to a young couple as a wedding gift! This so shocked me that I woke out of my dream; and lo! it was not a dream.

Who is so stupid as to need an interpretation of this? Who is so blind as not to see, in his readings of the daily press, a reality of which this is only a very faint picture? It's to-day a stabbing affair in the streets of Kingston, and to-morrow a shooting affair in Toronto, and the next day a mother burns herself and children to death because she is drunk, and the next day a noble young man felled like an ox; and then it's a suicide; and then for a change it's all of these and more in a day, and the one only cause is—*Drink!* soul-and-body-destroying drink! But what of that! There are a lot of harpies who say they must live; though no one but themselves can see any good reason why they should live on the blood of better men. And the Government says that the country will go to ruin if it does not grant license to spend \$50,000,000, and murder hundreds of its citizens, to get a paltry \$5,000,000 of a revenue.

Now, all this and a thousand-fold worse can be proven against this monster of crime and blood, and yet the license will be issued, the fence will be built,

the tree will be watered instead of uprooted. But if only one this year should perish, and that one out of your home, would you, dear reader, say, "Issue the license?" Remember then, when you are giving your vote for license, that you are giving your vote for that which will slay somebody's loved one.

Here is a case in point which happened in this land not many years ago, and with most of the parties the writer was acquainted. A noble young man, son of respectable Christian parents, goes out on business a few miles from home, and passes the *licensed* corner tavern. The landlord, either in pretence or reality (the judgment-day will reveal), wants to attend a neighbor's funeral, borrows the young man's horse and cutter, and tells him to stay till he returns. The young man thoughtlessly consents. A quarrel in some way arose in the bar between him and a butcher. The butcher struck the young man one blow, and he was laid a lifeless corpse on the floor. The poor father and mother are at home wondering "where is my boy to-night?" The wretch who kept that place drove past that home once and again, but never let the lonely watchers know until he brought the coroner, held the inquest, and secured the verdict he wanted. The first they knew was a request to bring a coffin for the lifeless remains of that much-loved son. Who will wonder when I tell them that that poor, broken-hearted mother and two daughters were shortly after laid on beds of death, from which they were carried, after a lingering illness—one on one Sabbath and two

on the next—to the silent resting-place of the dead, and the father and remaining son left the lonely survivors in the home of the once-happy family. This is the fruit of the “Man-eating Tree of Canada.” “How long, O Lord ! how long ” shall this monster of iniquity be permitted to crush and destroy human hopes and human hearts ?

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“BRITONS NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES.”

BY THE LATE REV. DR. STAFFORD.

WHEN mighty kings, with iron hand,  
Enslaved the unsuspecting land,  
And Freedom's name but newly born  
The heritage of man, was torn  
From sons of toil, to serfdom led,  
And rank in fealty bowed its head,  
And heirs of noble sires were driven  
From rights to all by nature given ;  
Uprose the stalwart barons then  
To claim their heritage as men,  
And stood before their cowering lord,  
While gleaming steel enforced their word.  
And craven John perforce began  
An age of liberty for man ;  
He signed the charter of the free—  
The shield of ages yet to be.  
Thus saved from servitude and woe,  
In common vow joined high and low,  
And swore while England yet had graves  
That Britons never should be slaves !



## THE GATLING.

When lengthening ages sped along,  
And kings, unwatched, again grew strong,  
Girding by stealth their arm with power  
That robbed each man of Nature's dower ;  
And Tudors into Stuarts' hand  
Of iron, passed their stern command,  
Who closer drew enslaving chains,  
And higher heaped extortion's gains,  
While guardian angels seemed to weep  
O'er Liberty's fair form asleep :  
Then Nature moved in laboring throes ;  
Great Hampden, Pym and Eliot rose  
To claim for universal man  
The rights that with their race began :  
Then England wrote her history's page  
In tears, and bled for every age ;  
Her flaming banner high unfurled  
Meant liberty for all the world ;  
And heroes sought untimely graves  
That Britons never might be slaves !

Such sires as these begat us all ;  
Here at our feet their shadows fall ;  
So brave they strove, so near they stand,  
Their names are worthy to command !  
Yet, where they fought and died to save  
Their latest child from doom of slave,  
Such guilty bondage is begun  
As never yet defied the sun !  
In passion's chains enslaved, and sold  
In pleasure's mart—more base than gold—  
Men drink to curse, and curse to die ;  
They rush to ills that toward them fly ;  
They court the avenging doom of sin,  
And here their hell of woe begin ;

They scorn the happiness of earth ;  
They shame the diadem of worth ;  
Their honored name—their high degree—  
Their manhood's crown—their heaven to be—  
They barter all, like base-born knaves,  
And Britain's sons are worse than slaves !

O morn of hope, from darkness rise !  
O pitying light from angel eyes,  
Shine forth where manhood pities not !  
Where kind affections are forgot ;  
Where starving children hopeless pray  
And vice seeks out a darker way ;  
On shadowed homes where womanhood,  
With blighted faith, continues good !  
Where filth and rags their signal raise  
Of sin and shame ; where want dismays  
The hand that gives, the eye that weeps,  
And demons guard while vileness sleeps !  
Let brighter light illumine our day !  
This bondage break, drive shame away !  
Let nobler inspirations glow  
In hearts benumbed from self-sought woe !  
Let Law with voice of power speak,  
And stretch its shield above the weak !  
Let those who bear the Christian name,  
Denying self, Christ's way proclaim  
In burning word and holy deed,  
That all who err His help may heed !  
Where growing wealth its pride displays ;  
Where voice of power the rabble sways ;  
Where learning's radiant mantle falls ;  
Where statesmen walk the nation's halls—  
Wherever drink the soul depraves,  
May Britons born no more be slaves !



ONE OF OUR INSTITUTIONS.

## PROHIBITION.

IT should not be forgotten that in the great debate on the Marter Bill, in March, 1893, there was not one member of the Ontario Assembly who had anything good to say of a licensed traffic. We take that as an indication of progress. Every reform passes three stages—ridicule, argument and adoption. Our cause has well passed the first. Prohibition is out of sight of ridicule, and runs well the last heat in argument. Final, and we hope, *universal* adoption is just ahead. Under the legal maxim, "The greatest good to the greatest number," the advocates of this cause hold all the ground for argument, and proof and truth. We are told, however, that the suppression of the liquor traffic would ruin the country financially, for the revenue would then be cut off. Sir Leonard Tilley, who has filled the important office of Finance Minister, said in 1888: "No Finance Minister would remain long in office who would in this day propose a scheme for raising a revenue that would take four times its amount to collect it. Yet it costs the people of Canada more than \$20,000,000 to collect the liquor revenue from the Government." The present Finance Minister says: "Personally I have no doubt, and never have had any, that if the waste, expense and ruin entailed by drink were done away with, the country could well afford to pay three times the taxes in a different way." Hon. G. W. Ross sensibly reasons thus: "If the temperate and indus-

trious portion of the community can pay for their own support and that of the intemperate and shiftless portion, how much better able would the community be to bear taxes if the liquor traffic was wiped out, and every one was industrious, and bore a proportionate share of the burden." The whole revenue from the traffic is said to be about \$5,000,000, which represents \$1.20 per head; but according to an unchallenged statement laid before the House of Commons, the drink traffic costs the country over \$7.00 per head. It is believed that the increased consumption of dutiable goods following the discontinuance of intoxicating drinks would very soon pay the Government nearly all the revenue from that source. And the facts, as given out by States where Prohibition has been in force, prove that the value of personal property has increased, taxation has been lightened, and the morals of the people improved. The expense in connection with our gaols, penitentiaries, etc., will be greatly lessened. Under license, a liquor seller sold a pint of liquor, and made a few cents profit. The drinker, under its influence, shot his son-in-law, and his arrest, imprisonment, trial and execution cost the country more than \$1,000. Who pays that? The tax-payers. And yet men will say, "We can't do without the revenue." The moral aspect of this question, however, is quite overlooked by the friends of the traffic. The Emperor of China refused to increase his revenue by the vices of his subjects, and no country can prosper in the long run whose Government lives on the revenues of iniquity.

2. It is properly the duty of Governments to take the lead in temperance work, by making good laws. It is said in answer to this, "You can't make men virtuous by Act of Parliament." Certainly not, any more than you can make men healthy by Act of Parliament; but "by Act of Parliament you quarantine the cholera and small-pox, disinfect the ship and burn the clothing; cannot give life by Act of Parliament, but can take the pistol from the murderer and keep poison from the suicide." Just in proportion as liquor laws are stringent or loose is the amount of drunkenness, as a rule; therefore, any law that would shut up saloons would curtail the consumption of liquor, for it is here that many learn their first lessons in drinking. If Prohibition would not "make men good," it would remove one of the most fruitful sources of crime, and so enhance the cause of virtue. It would close open bars, remove temptations out of the way, and make it easier for men to do right, and more difficult for them to do wrong.

That old experienced veteran, Rev. Dr. Cuyler, who has never grown weary in the fight, says: "It requires two wheels to propel a ferry-boat. If one is clogged, the boat simply revolves in the water without progress. Every cart needs two wheels, and if one is cut off, the cart capsizes. Our temperance reform depends for its success on both *legal suppression* of dram-shops and on *moral and religious efforts* to dissuade people from drinking liquor. If either wheel is off, the cart capsizes. . . . Push on the

temperance meeting. Push on the temperance literature in every shape. Push on the pledges of entire abstinence. Push on the fight for prohibition at the same time. *Let the steam on both wheels!* We want law and love also—persuasion not to drink liquor, as well as prohibition of selling liquor. Shutting saloons is not all, we must smash the jugs also.”

3. “Prohibition doesn’t prohibit,” says the advocate of license. “It is more than half suspected that those who are so afraid that a prohibitory law cannot be enforced are identical with those who do not wish to see it enforced.” A State like Maine, where this law has been in force since 1851, should know its own interests. With all these years of experience, and in face of a most determined and organized hostility, Prohibition was *incorporated into the constitution* of the State in 1884, by a majority of 47,075 in a total vote of a little more than 64,000. This ought to settle the State of Maine argument, and those who use it should give their hearers credit for the possession of a sufficient degree of intelligence to appreciate the importance of facts. Very likely the law is violated to some extent, but that proves nothing but what may be proved against all law. The traffic is *delegalized* there, all respectability taken from it, and driven into holes. A man enquired of an Irishman in a Prohibition town if he could get a drink of whiskey or beer, and his reply was, “You might; but it would be where a gentleman like yourself would not want to go, and then you would stand a good chance to

be captured." It is not expected by the warmest advocates of Prohibition that it will immediately extinguish secret liquor selling, any more than laws prohibiting larceny have extinguished theft; but where it is enforced it has actually driven the open grog-shops from the country, and forced the traffic into hidden dens, whose stock-in-trade has consisted of a few concealed bottles, whose temptations are not exposed to those who *are not seeking them*; and though the devil may be busy in these secret places and back alleys, it is no small victory to make him skulk and hide. "How many fathers there are who tremble with fear as the son leaves his quiet rural home to enter into business in some of our large towns or cities, as he thinks of the terrible temptation that awaits that boy. Follow that old man into his place of communion and prayer with God, listen to him as he enquires day by day of Him to whom he has entrusted the body and soul of that loved one: 'Is the young man Absalom safe?' And now see that parent again, when after years of absence that boy returns, with his intellect shattered, his hopes blasted, his prospects ruined, his health gone, and the religion his mother taught him in childhood disgraced and dishonored; and now hearken to that old man, as he looks with bleeding heart upon the remnant of his bright and promising son, and exclaims, 'It is my son's coat, a wild beast hath devoured him.'" Yes, it blasts all that is great, and blights all that is good in humanity. The man of honor it betrays into infamy,



and the man of weakness into sin. It destroys the tenderest ties of social life, exiles the sweet endearments of home, and robs earth of its loveliness. In its power, in its influence, and in its fascination, it stands like Goliath among the Philistines, more than any other foe a terror to the host of the Lord; like Saul, it is head and shoulders above its fellows in degrading, debasing and demoralizing effects. "O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee *devil*."

4. Some say of Prohibition, let us not seek to save men *from* temptation, but to save men *in spite of it*. Temptation resisted makes character, and it does not appear that character can be developed otherwise, they say. Fine talk this, and so it comes to pass that God cannot make a good man without the devil to help Him, and must call in a saloon-keeper to help Him make a man sober after a Gospel pattern.

5. We are told we have "*no right to interfere with a man's personal liberty, and his right to eat and drink what he pleases.*" John Stuart Mill laid it down as an axiom that one man's liberty must end at the point where it begins to involve the possibility of another man's ruin. If a man's definition of "personal liberty" is that he must have liberty to tempt and ruin his neighbor's sons by keeping an open whiskey and beer shop every day in the week, he needs either a new dictionary or a new heart. The *Iowa Prohibitionist* says: "The right of a man to

drink liquor under his roof may be undisputed; at any rate, Prohibition does not touch that right. Prohibition only says: When you throw open that door and invite the passer-by to drink, and when two hundred years of experience have proved that, by so doing, you double my taxes, and make it dangerous for my child to tread on those streets, I have a right to say whether you shall open the door or not. I don't care whether you sell poison or food; I don't care whether you sell a'cohol or roast beef—it does not matter; all I know is, that if you undertake to sell something that doubles my taxes, and that makes my passage through the street more dangerous, you at once invest me with the right to interfere; and if any grog-seller can stand here and show, in the face of an intelligent people, that he is right, under any idea of democratic government, to filch from my pocket and make my passage through the street unsafe, in order that he may coin other men's sins into his gold, let him try it." The object of the law we want, then, is not the regulation of anyone's diet, or an infringement of his liberty as to what he shall drink, but the prohibition of an unsound, soul-and-body-destroying traffic. Is not that plain enough? A paper published in the interests of the traffic said, not long since, "Having carefully weighed *both* sides of this question, we are forced to the conclusion that Prohibition is an unjust and tyrannical invasion of the liberties of the people." To which the *Chatham Tribune* replied as follows: "Just think of it! The Antis *weighing* both

sides! We see them in imagination putting the tears of the widow and orphan in one measure with the cost to the nation in crime and the destruction of property by the victims of the traffic; the waste of food material; the expenses of gaols, lunatics and police. On the other side, they dump in the selfishness of a few moderate drinkers, clothed in a few well-worn sophistries stolen from a popular clothing store, called the 'Liberties of the people.' But that is not enough, so they pop in their own enormous profits, and the fact that numbers of them would have to turn to and work for their daily bread. Down goes the scale on their side, and up goes the other. Thus have they weighed both sides of this question. How could an impartial verdict be obtained when the jury and the criminal are one?" Rev. Dr. Carman, in his appeal to the Church for an overwhelming "Yes" for the plebiscite, thus repels the "liberty" cry: "Here is a strange state of affairs; you can make drunkards and criminals by Act of Parliament, but you may not, by Act of Parliament, prohibit the work of the criminal breeder and the drunkard maker. And men will stand even in God's holy place and proclaim such apostasy from good government and such heresy on sound and righteous legislation. It is high time the conscientious and intelligent voters rebuked these appalling assumptions, and set down the prohibition of the liquor traffic firm amid the prohibitions that guard our sacred soil, our inestimable rights and privileges, our

persons, property and character, our liberties and beloved homes."

6. It would seem only reasonable that a government should seek the protection of the people. If they fail or come short in this, in the highest and best sense, just so far they fail of the purpose for which they are established. And we can see no reason why intoxicating drinks should be claimed as an exception to the subjects over which governments exercise authority. If dangerous animals expose human life or property to peril, magistrates adopt measures for public safety by destroying or confining them within their proper limits. In seasons of prevailing epidemics, the authorities of any town or city exercise the right of removing any cause which has a tendency to increase or perpetuate the malady, even at the risk of interfering with the lawful interests of individuals. And yet the traffic in strong drink is in perpetual operation, withering, cursing and destroying some of the fairest portions of society, spreading its devastations in every direction, and, when comprehensive measures are proposed to remove the evils inflicted, the patriots of appetite and avarice raise the alarm that an act of unpardonable tyranny is about to be perpetrated. The liberation of thousands from a worse than African bondage is nothing in the estimation of such benevolent souls (!) when compared with the gratification of sense, or the gains arising from administering to the demands of an imperious and depraved appetite. We ask the people to vote

"No License" for weighty and substantial reasons. The (so-called) arguments of our opponents are mostly sweeping assertions, unsustained by facts, and misrepresentations respecting the actual working of Prohibition where it has been, and is, law. The interests of the sober and law-abiding should far outweigh those of the other party, who wish to force upon the country a demoralizing and ruinous traffic, that the majority of voters believe to be, not only unnecessary, but positively injurious. You are asked to "stamp out with an iron hand this uncalled-for agitation," but we believe the duty of every intelligent and right-thinking citizen will be to *stamp out* this nefarious traffic, with its din and clatter, that the fiery breath of the whiskey-devil may no longer scorch and blast the lives and happiness of the people.



THE PROPERTY OF  
SCARBORO  
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

## THE LIBERTY CRY.

BY REV. A. CARMAN, D.D., BELLEVILLE, ONT.

THE cry is raised that it is an interference with private rights and personal liberty to prohibit in any or all of its branches the traffic in intoxicating liquors. Let us look at this. I have no right to injure another; and ought not to be at liberty to increase my wealth by inflicting upon many the utmost poverty and wretchedness. The law of the land should deal with me promptly and decisively in such a case. If I invade certain property rights I am arrested. If I assault the person I am brought to judgment. If I utter false money I am put upon my trial under law. If I utter libellous or treasonable speeches, there are enactments for the sacredness of character and the security of the crown. If I import contagious disease I am quarantined and likely punished. If I build magazines or slaughter-houses that annoy or imperil the people, I find out there is rule in the land. If I endanger other buildings with my combustible fabrics, or put the health and life of fellow-citizens in jeopardy by vile accumulations and faulty drainage, I bring down upon my head a whole Board of Health, or the police of the Fire Department. There is prohibitory law in the land. But if I sell liquor over the bar, take the wife's clothes, comforts and the love of her husband away from her, and the bread and raiment from the children, and

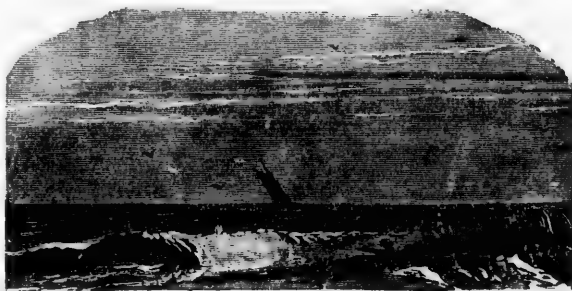
send them all to a hovel and a heap of straw in disgrace, ignorance and unutterable distress, there seems to be no law against me. Indeed, the law protects me. I can go on with my vile and heartless work, and take other people's money to the desolation of a multitude of homes. Have those wives and children no right to the protection of the law? Who made them outlaws? Who robbed them against their cries and tears? Who denied them education and respectability? In this country, as matters stand, that responsibility and guilt are on the heads of Christian voters; for they could bid the whole terrific wrong to cease within a twelve-month, if they would.

What is this thing they call *liberty*—this thing they call *right*? Liberty to sell arsenic, right to sell arsenic; liberty to sell prussic acid, right to sell prussic acid; liberty to sell strychnine, right to sell strychnine; liberty to sell whiskey, right to sell whiskey? There have been places and times when and where there were both liberties and rights to sell and buy men, women and children. Did all the liberty of custom, and all the right of such legislation and practice, make the slave trade acceptable to God or endurable to the better law of a higher civilization? The ages have nurtured monstrosities in the name of religion, and some of the greatest enormities of this hour are claiming the shelter of liberties and rights. And men that ought to know the meaning of these words and the nature of these sacred things, are fostering what we would call, but for the glance of

charity, this criminal delusion. Liberties and rights mean moral nature and obligation in man, and moral government in politics and legislation. My liberty is bounded by your right, and your right and liberty are bounded by my liberty and right. And the common liberty and right of us all are enlarged, ennobled and secured by the highest exercise of the powers, liberties and rights of each individual in the State; and the State with us is a political organization on a moral basis. Just as true is it that the highest, grandest liberty of each man is secured and enjoyed by the noblest liberty of the commonwealth. Invasion of natural liberty! they say, to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks—drinks no more a necessity to man than arsenic for food. What do they mean by natural liberty? There is a natural liberty, and man enjoys it when he is naked and alone in an African jungle, or solitary on an ice-float in the Arctic Sea. There he has this glorious natural liberty, can do about as he pleases, and sell this precious whiskey to serpents and seals. He and they are the population; he is lord of the domain, and should use his natural liberty. But natural liberty is not personal liberty, or domestic liberty, or social liberty, or civil or political liberty. Whiskey is a product of civilization, and civil liberty must take care of it. Whiskey invades politics, and wounds and weakens government, and government and politics must stand, at least, in self-defence. I am a citizen and a British subject, and whiskey robs me of my property, inter-



feres with my business contracts, impoverishes my country, beggars my fellow-subjects, induces disease, incites to crime, taxes me out of measure for policemen, prisons and asylums, outrages my home and ruins, it may be, even my own boy, or, if not mine, another as good and as valuable to the country ; so that I am in duty bound—I dare not refuse—I cannot escape it—to the utmost of my ability, to strike down this infamous traffic with the strong arm of British law, sinewed, strengthened, nerved and knuckled with conscience, intelligence, duty, liberty, right. This is true civil and political liberty, the highest function of the immortal right.



HOLD THE FORT.

**H**O ! my comrades, see our banner  
Waving in the sky,  
Hear our rallying hosanna  
Echoing on high.

CHORUS—Hold the fort for Prohibition,  
Freedom signals still ;  
Answer back to the petition,  
By our votes we will.

All our land the foe engages,  
Let no freeman lag,  
For the battle fiercely wages—  
Rally round the flag.

Hear the groans of thousands dying  
On the slaughter field ;  
By the ensign o'er us flying  
We will never yield.

Hark ! what shrieks of woe appalling  
Pierce through all the air ;  
Hear the wretched veterans calling,  
"Save us from despair."

By the land our fathers bought us  
With their precious blood,  
By the birthrights they have brought us,  
Stem the battle flood.

By the right which freedom gave us  
With immortal souls,  
Crush the foe who dare enslave us ;  
Forward to the polls !

—W. H. T.

THE AXE LAID AT THE ROOT OF  
THE TREE.

**I** WILL not at this time discuss the relation between strong drink and crime, nor dwell upon the innumerable and immeasurable evils that flow from the intemperate use of intoxicants. Informed people understand these matters now. The questions now up are not about the evils of liquor-drinking and liquor-selling. We are now discussing remedies.

There are some things concerning this whole subject that are settled beyond dispute—some things that we know absolutely. Among them these :

1. The license system is a failure. It does not do what it promised. It does not secure social order. The licensed saloons, like the unlicensed, are everywhere centres of disturbance and evil—evil of every sort. Such parts of the license law as were meant to be good are futile ; they are nowhere enforced with vigor or persistence. The saloons sell liquors that are poisonous ; they sell on Sundays and on election days ; they sell to drunken men and to minors. So far as the license system is related to law and its enforcement it has utterly broken down. There is no prospect or hope that these laws will ever anywhere be adequately enforced. The dealers will go on violating these laws to the end, and with practical impunity. And it must needs be so. The failure is in the thing itself. When the State gives authority for doing a thing in itself evil, there is no possibility of so regulating it as to prevent evil.

2. Granting that the license system is in itself good, society is robbed by it, as the laws stand. For where the State gets one dollar for license it spends two—perhaps ten—in protecting itself inadequately against the evils that flow out of the business. Very foolish are those law-makers who talk about “revenue” from a business that costs the State many times what it pays the State. If we must have license, the tax should be high enough to cover “consequential damages.” Such a tax would absorb all profits and stop the business. Hence “high license” is not the remedy. This business, with all its opportunities for making money, cannot pay enough to reimburse society for its losses in tolerating it.

3. In the minds of men who respect the rights and wrongs of things it is settled that society cannot make evil good by any laws or for any price whatsoever. What Moses taught is still true: “The price of a dog and the hire of an whore are an abomination to the Lord.” And yet some men plead for license.

4. The right of society to prohibit what is essentially evil is settled. And it is also settled that society must be the judge of what is evil to itself. It is the right of self-protection, and it is perfect. Every abridgment of individual liberty rests in this right. If there were only two men in the world, one could have no right to injure the other. If he did it without right the other would have perfect right to protect himself. Society has the same right to close a bar-room that it has to quarantine a ship suspected of

infectious disease ; that it has to establish any sort of police regulation for the sake of social order. Indeed, it is involved in the right to organize any government at all.

5. Prohibition is the only remedy. That principle is already admitted in the numerous restrictions imposed upon the traffic. We ask for an extension of the principle so as to *entirely* prohibit, and if the young Samson of Prohibition will not allow his locks to be shorn by the Delilah of high license, local option, or other *delusive compromises*, his victory is near.

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#### BRUSHING DOWN WEBS AND DISTURBING THE SPIDERS.

**B**RUSHING down cobwebs is not just the most delightful work in the world, but it is often necessary. It seems cruel to the poor insect that spins them, but if spiders will not be discreet about the choice of points upon which to hang their fabrics, they must not complain if they suffer loss. The opponents of Prohibition have turned to spinning some very fine theories to support their business of catching human flies. We propose to make one brush at some little webs which they have been holding up to the sun lately with evident delight.

They have been saying that it is a confession of weakness upon the part of Christianity when it admits that it cannot make men sober without the

aid of State law. These gentlemen—for they are all gentlemen—profess great unwillingness that Christian men should take a position so discreditable to the strength of their religion as that which Prohibition implies.

We shall relieve them of their anxiety by reminding them that, after all, a religion which can so control public opinion as to secure a majority for Prohibition is not as weak as one might suppose. It is strong enough to make men sober and close the saloons besides.

Another fine-spun theory is that temptation is necessary to develop character, and that the noblest character is not that which is removed from temptation, but that which overcomes it; therefore let us have open saloons, that we may attain to the noblest types of sobriety. Just so. All of which implies that temptation is a means of grace, and the tempter is a minister of salvation. It is a new view of education which proposes that God shall have the children of the kingdom developed in a gymnasium run by the devil. Perhaps it will yet be found needful for every church to own and run a saloon in order to test and temper the power of the bibulous-inclined brethren to resist solicitations to drink. Of course these sanctified temptation-shops will be opened every morning with prayer, and we suggest in advance that they be supplied with some sort of device to measure the force of the temptation administered, lest some feeble saint be overcome by the exercise

designed to invigorate his moral resolution—a sort of reliquimeter, as it were.

Having finished the task we set ourselves to accomplish, before we hang up our brush we desire to say, for the benefit of the bystanders, that there are many men who cannot tell the difference between a pretext and a principle.—*Nashville Advocate*.

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#### AFTER PROHIBITION: WHAT THEN?

WHEN we have secured the requisite legislation to dry up these fountains of sin and woe—what next? We still have a duty. When good laws are passed the battle is only half fought. One of the surest ways to retard our cause is to fail to enforce the law. A healthy public sentiment is necessary, and in order to retain this, we must “agitate, agitate, keep the ball a-rolling” by pulpit, platform and press. Eternal vigilance is the price of our liberty. Agitate unceasingly; show your faith in the cause by spending time, and money if need be, to see the law executed, and by your constant effort to keep the whole truth as to the abominable traffic and its effects before the people. In some cases we have been satisfied with getting the law passed, as if it would execute itself. Of course we claim that the Government, giving us the law, must furnish us with adequate machinery for its enforcement. This secured, we may reasonably expect, in a short time, as good results as those

realized from prohibitory laws as they relate to murder and theft.

"But," says a timid brother, "you will stir up bad blood and create disturbance in enforcing it." You may expect a commotion when men, determined on wrong-doing, are checked, but let us not be afraid of a little friction when righting things. A jolt is always felt in getting a derailed car-wheel back on the track.

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#### PROHIBITION DOES PROHIBIT.

THERE are a number of States where Prohibition has been in force from five to twenty-five years, and in Maine it has been law since 1851. It would not seem that public opinion in those places is in advance of that found in Canada, yet we often hear it said "*We are not yet ripe for Prohibition.*" I have no sympathy with those timid warnings against "legislating in advance of public opinion." The idea that we are not to proclaim a truth or enact a law until everybody is prepared for it, and the bulk of men think alike about it, is contrary to the whole philosophy of reform and improvement, as well as to the teachings of history. That the law would be violated is no argument against its enactment. What species of crime can be mentioned which prohibitions and penalties have entirely driven from among men? Not one. The laws against murder, profanity, robbery, outrage, perjury, are disregarded by many,



yet those violations do not prove the propriety of their being abrogated.

Those who say Prohibition is a failure wherever it has been tried, and yet fight it fiercely wherever it is proposed to try it, are transparently illogical, and do not deceive themselves or anybody else. We have testimonies recently furnished by men in responsible positions as to the efficiency of this righteous measure. Neal Dev, over his signature of November, 1893, gives seven strong reasons to justify the statement that "Prohibition is a great success in Maine," and concludes by saying that the blessings and prosperity coming to Maine from it are so great that they cannot be numbered or estimated by any mode of computation now known to us.

The Clerk of the Circuit Court of Edwards County, Illinois, lately submitted the following facts: "There has not been a licensed saloon in this county for over thirty-five years. During that time our jail has not averaged an occupant. This county never sent but one person to the penitentiary, and that man was sent up for killing his wife while drunk on whiskey obtained from a licensed saloon in an adjoining county. And Pullman, of the same State, with a population of 7,500, prohibits the liquor traffic, has no lock-up and only one policeman, no paupers and no crime.

A Kansas judge says that Prohibition kills the goose which lays the golden eggs for police courts. The mayor and two ex-mayors of Ottawa, Kansas,

were made converts to Prohibition by the good results of the law.

Topeka, with a population of 40,000, has no saloons. The sale is absolutely stopped in all the rural parts. Judge Benson, of Kansas, has had but two liquor cases in a month. Kansas has but one penitentiary. Ottawa, Kansas, with a population of 8,000, has but one day and one night watchman. Prohibition was carried in Kansas in 1881, by a majority of 8,000. In ten years the number of convicts was reduced sixty per cent. Prohibition has almost stamped out crime.

In Iowa the prohibitory law has resulted in much good. In country places the law is as well enforced as any other. The sentiment in its favour is strong and growing. In Council Bluffs, Iowa, the breweries have been closed. Governor-elect Jackson says, "We have had Prohibition in Iowa for eleven years, and my hand shall never rekindle the fires under the old breweries and distilleries of this State."

Prohibition in Dakota has almost wiped out drunkenness. No one has been made poorer by it, but saloon-keepers, brewers, and distillers. Three years of Prohibition have started a host of young men on a sober and industrious career.

The foregoing facts give the lie to the statements which the liquor interest persistently send forth, that Prohibition is a failure. It has made *liquor-selling a failure*, except where they defy both God and man, and are willing to sell their souls to the devil for a glass of rum.

The evidence which comes to us from various sources must satisfy the calm, impartial mind that a prohibitory liquor law, even under many disadvantages, can be enforced, and has been enforced; and we believe no reason can any longer exist why we should not have such a measure upon our statute books. There is force and logic in the following: "Let the question be removed outside of party politics, like the murder laws or theft laws; let the lines of jurisdiction be clearly drawn determining the rights and duties of the Dominion and provinces; let the Parliament and Legislatures receive the decisive command of the people, and enact it clearly in statute; let the judges, magistrates and other officers of the law do their duty in the case, and statutory prohibition of the liquor traffic will be found at least as practicable and effective as the prohibition of robbery, slander or profanity."

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### FIGURES THAT STING.

THE eloquence of figures is irresistible. They furnish an argument which cannot be refuted. When they are for us, we are exultant and triumphant. When they are against us, we are discomfited and humiliated. It must be confessed that all figuring is not exhilarating. The summary of some statistical tables will suppress the hasty shout and constrain to shamed silence.

It is difficult to accurately set forth Canada's drink bill. There is a basis, however, from which calculations may be made with a tolerable degree of correctness. Our national outlay in 1892 is said to be \$31,774,804. The actual loss to the country, through the traffic in drink, is far in excess of the amount directly paid for liquor by the consumer. The taxpayers should pause and consider lest they be influenced by the clap-trap statement of whiskey-dealers, that "If you vote for Prohibition you will lose \$5,000,000 of revenue." We expend nearly \$32,000,000 to receive \$5,000,000.

Any country that will persist in pursuing such an irrational political economy will sooner or later sink into decay and leave a mass of mouldering ruins as a monument of the gigantic folly of licensing a traffic that always impoverishes a people and produces crime, disease and death.

Some little time since, it was stated, as a result of a careful study of the whole question, that we spent \$5,000,000 more for liquor than for meat; \$6,000,000 more for liquor than for bread or woollen goods; one-third more on the stuff that puts "snakes in their boots" than on the boots themselves. It was also computed that a single year of this baneful expenditure costs as much as would buy out the farms and stock of either of the wealthy counties of Hastings or Elgin. Liquor costs the Dominion as much as a war and kills more than a war generally does.

T. DeWitt Talmage writes: "Gather up the money

that the working-classes have spent for rum during the last thirty years and I will build for every workingman a house, and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silks, and stand at his front door a prancing span of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life insurance, so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working-classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the Anarchist of the centuries, and has boycotted and is now boycotting the body, and mind, and soul of American labor. It is to it a worse foe than monopoly, and worse than associated capital. It annually swindles industry out of a large percentage of its earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitations to the mechanic or operative on his way to work, and at the noon-spell, and on his way home at eventide; on Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that might come to the family and sacrifices it among the saloon-keepers."

*To what purpose is this enormous waste?* And the financial loss, after all, is the smallest evil of the whole business. There is a bill that cannot be measured by dollars. For everyone who becomes a drunkard, there are hearts wrung with grief, and homes made sad and desolate where love and joy might have cheered the passing hours. And the greatest loss is involved in the sentence, "No drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven."

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## PRESENT STATE AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

"THE importance of the temperance movement is becoming more and more manifest, and has now reached a point at which it is ignored by none. With the increase of light that has dawned upon the question, there has also arisen a very pronounced public opinion, and with it, a deeply sensitized conscience has been created, and that in all grades of society. These active forces have, of late years especially, given greatly accelerated momentum to this mightiest of modern moral and social revolutions, which at length appears to be marching grandly onward to its inevitable consummation."

The Churches, in their General Conferences, Assemblies, Conventions and Associations have voiced the judgment of the Christian world against this unholy traffic. In all parts of the country, organizations have sprung up whose avowed object is to put down this evil. A distinctively anti-liquor literature has been developed which, in connection with the teachings of the Christian home, the pulpit, the Sunday School, and in these last days, the Public School, has imbued a large proportion of the younger voters with a righteous abhorrence of the evil that will never abate until it is overthrown.

The overwhelming majorities secured in the Scott Act contests were sufficient to convince our legislators that the people were in favor of Prohibition. The partial inefficiency of that law, owing chiefly to the

lack of proper machinery for its enforcement, was seized upon by them as reason why our cause should be further hindered when its claims were pressed upon them in March, 1893. Again and again our cause has reached a powerful position, but for some reason we have been delayed. Our interests have clashed with the apparent interests of some political party, but it is now high time for the politicians to know that the temperance people are not in any humor to be fooled any longer.

In spite of these hindrances, the movement has continued to gather increasing momentum, until it has culminated in the hand-to-hand struggle now going on. This contest can end only in one way. The battle against the enemy of God and the destroyer of men will go on until his power is broken. The triumph of our cause is only a question of time. We trust it is near at hand. With faith in God, we can move forward with the calmness of undoubted conviction.

“ Never was a cause more just ;  
Fully, then, in God we'll trust,  
And prevail, our cause it must,  
If Christians do the right.”





## COMPENSATION.

THE fact that those engaged in the traffic have manifested an interest in this question of compensation is significant. It would seem to indicate that they have awakened to the fact that the craft by which they get their wealth is in imminent danger from the adoption of prohibitory measures, which they formerly affected to despise.

The main argument for compensation is that the business has been carried on under the sanction of law. That is true. But those licenses have been issued for only one year. The fact that they had to be renewed implies that they were liable to be discontinued by the authorities. As a matter of fact, such licenses have been discontinued without any cause other than the desire to lessen the number of places where liquor could be sold. No one has ever thought of demanding compensation because his license was not renewed, although the loss may have been relatively as heavy in such cases as in the case of Prohibition.

Hon. G. W. Ross has expressed it as his thorough conviction that Prohibition is the only effective remedy for the evils of intemperance, and does not accept the principle of compensation for brewers and distillers at all, but affirms that if there was no other way to dispose of the traffic, it would pay us one hundred per cent. to resort to that plan.

As to the legality of their claim, it may be remem-

bered that the liquor sellers in England engaged an eminent lawyer, who was a friend of the traffic, to look up the matter, and give them his opinion on compensation. That gentleman says: "There cannot be the smallest doubt that, in the strict sense, no such thing as a vested interest exists, and that, subject to appeal, the magistrates can refuse to renew the license of the largest, most useful and best conducted hotel in England." And the *Law Journal* itself declares that "it cannot be argued that licensed persons of any kind have a legal vested interest in their licenses."

Even if it be allowed that they have a just claim, would it not be greatly to the advantage of the country to buy out every establishment in the Dominion, destroy the whole stock, and allow no importation, except what shall be placed under the same restrictions as other dangerous articles on the apothecary's shelf, rather than permit matters to go on as they are now? But if we begin the work of compensation, of course those who have profited by the trade must be required to remunerate those who have been ruined by it. Thousands of our population are groaning under injuries and miseries which *money* cannot repair or alleviate; how are they to be compensated? If the Legislature refuse a prohibitory law, will they agree to indemnify those who will suffer by the present license system in the future? If they do, they will soon have no trouble in distributing a surplus revenue. The idea of remunerat-

ing those who have been fattening on the degradation and calamities of others is a gross absurdity and outrage. Let them turn to some useful calling as a means of support, thankful that they get off so easily as to be allowed to do so.

“ But reward them not with money  
For the ruin they have wrought ;  
All the forms of outraged feeling  
Start and shudder at the thought.  
What ! when taxes have been doubled  
Life held cheap and bread made dear ;  
When the workhouse, gaols, asylums  
Have been crowded year by year ;  
When our country has been groaning  
’Neath the ruin drink has made—  
Shall we pay the men who sold it,  
Who the gilded mantraps laid ?  
Rather compensate the widow  
O’er the drunkard’s grave who bends ;  
Rather compensate the orphan—  
Robbed by drink of earthly friends ;  
But expect us not to pay them,  
Whose dark doings we deplore ;  
’Tis enough if we forgive them,  
Bid them ‘ go and sin no more.’ ”



DANGER IN THE MODERATE USE OF  
STRONG DRINK.

**D**O you ever suppose the young man becomes a drunkard all at once? Never! No young man ever took a glass of wine or liquor, and said, "I know what this will do. I know it will make every nerve in my body dance with pleasure; it will thicken my blood and weaken my nerves until I tremble with palsy; that it will rob me of virtue, fill my heart with woe, and fit my heart for hell below." This is never done, and never will be. The start is made without thought, and, strangest of all, without fear of the danger. Everything is pleasing and beautiful—green fields and waving corn, and the whole world filled with sunshine. That is the experience, at starting, of the man who drinks. He sees before him this phantom, this delusion, which is beckoning him on. At every step he sees dancing before his eyes this inscription: "This is the way to social, jovial companionship; this is the way to innocent amusement; this is the way to freedom from care;" and thus with singing and dancing he has hardly crossed the fatal boundary when the flimsy drapery is dropped, the tinsel and the mask are removed, and the hideous monster stands revealed.

An instructive story is told of a moderate drinker who was once very angry with a friend who claimed that safety was alone in abstaining from the use of ardent spirits, and who allowed his fanatical notions

to insinuate that the moderate drinker himself might then be beyond control. "To make plain the question who is in the wrong," said the temperance man, "will you just quit one month, not to touch a drop during that time?" Said the owner, "To satisfy your mind, sir, I will; with pleasure, though I know myself; I will do as you ask, to cure your overwrought ideas." He kept the promise, but at the end of the month he came to his friend with tears in his eyes and thanked him for saving him from a drunkard's grave. Said he, "I never knew before that I was in any sense a slave to drink, but the last month has been the fiercest battle of my life. I see now I was almost beyond hope, and, had the test come many months later, it would have been too late for me. But I have kept the pledge, and, by God's help, I will keep it for life."

This incident illustrates the truth that strong drink is a "*deceiver*," and that many know not the danger until too late.

Dr. A. T. Pierson, being asked why he declined to drink wine on a certain occasion, related the following impressive incident: "In Paris, during the Reign of Terror, there was a magazine where an immense amount of gunpowder was stored, with other kinds of explosives. There was a man there who took out his pipe, filled it with tobacco, and lit it with a taper. His companion said, 'You should not smoke in this magazine; if you are going to smoke, go out there.' He replied, 'I am not going to have my liberty inter-

fered with." Liberty! Has any man a right to exercise liberty when his indulgence is endangering millions of other people? It is quite a mistaken notion of liberty if you claim the right to smoke in a magazine of gunpowder. But the drinking habit is worse than a match lit in such a magazine. There is not only peril in drink, but there is absolute and consummate destruction in it, and I do not know how I could take any other position, knowing the effects of the drink traffic, than to set myself against it, tooth and nail, with pen and tongue, with principle and practice, and I ask God to help you all to look at it in the same light."

Dr. Richardson styles moderate drinking "the moral mainspring of the whole organization of drunkenness, and of all the crimes that result from it."

The following lines from Longfellow contain practical advice:

"Touch the goblet no more!  
It will make thy heart sore  
To its very core!  
Its perfume is the breath  
Of the angel of death,  
And the light that within it lies  
Is the flash of his evil eyes.  
Beware, oh! beware,  
For sickness, sorrow, and care  
All are there."



## ADVANTAGES OF ABSTINENCE.

IT is a financial gain. Without controversy, drinking is one of the fruitful causes of the poverty witnessed in many places. A drinking man once said (holding in his hand a dollar bill), "This is the last of one thousand, and this too must go for rum." While a few are enriched by this vast outlay, the many are impoverished. No wonder it is sometimes said "money is *tight*," when so much of it goes inside the hotel bar. It is a lamentable fact that when trade becomes depressed, many laboring men, whose wages in good times are not small, find themselves under the necessity of pawning their possessions and seeking charity from their more frugal and temperate neighbours.

Dr. Franklin said: "Abstinence puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the back and vigor in the body."

"Why haven't I a 600-acre farm as well as that man riding by in his carriage?" yelled a red-nosed Anarchist orator as he glanced at the crowd. "Because he saved \$600 and bought his farm when it cost him \$1 an acre, and you poured your \$600 down your throat," responded a man on the back seat, and the orator asked no more conundrums.

2. It is conducive to health. Dr. B. W. Richardson, than whom there is no better authority, says: "A man or woman who abstains is healthy and safe. A

man or woman who indulges at all is unsafe. A man or woman who relies on alcohol for support is lost." Another eminent physician says that six hundred of the ablest physicians of the land testify that since they have ceased to give alcohol as a medicine they have had much better success with the patients than before.

When Joseph Cook was in England some time ago, he took much pains to ascertain facts as to the experience of insurance companies, and he found that for many years past the best companies have insured moderate drinkers and total abstainers in separate sections, and that a bonus has been paid to the sections made up of total abstainers of *seven, thirteen, seventeen, and in some cases twenty-three per cent. over that paid to the sections of moderate drinkers.*

These companies are not fanatical organizations; they are not governed by this or that pet theory as to temperance reform. Here is cool, stern business sagacity applied to one of the most complicated commercial matters; and the outcome we have in this great proposition, sustained by the most exact application of the law of averages, that nearly 25 per cent. bonus must be paid to total abstainers above what is paid to moderate drinkers.

The best mental and physical work is done by abstainers. While drink stimulates it does not impart strength—indeed it draws on the strength stored up by nature in our system—which strength should be carefully husbanded for seasons of extremity. Miss Willard asked the greatest of inventors, Thos.



A. Edison, if he were a total abstainer ; and when he told her he was, she said, " May I inquire whether it was home influence that made you so ? " and he replied, " No, I think it was because I always felt that I had a better use for my head." Who can measure the loss to the world if that wonderful instrument of thought that has given us so much of light and leading in the practical mechanism of life had become sodden with drink instead of electric with original ideas ?

3. It is a positive guarantee from the evils of intemperance. " The man who never drinks the first glass can never become a drunkard." Thousands die every year through drink, and the long procession is being constantly recruited from the ranks of moderate drinkers. " But there is no danger of me "—says one. That is true if you are an abstainer, but not otherwise. " Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Abstinence is a guarantee, an insurance against intemperance, with this advantage—that the premium goes not into the coffers of a wealthy company, but comes back to yourself in the shape of pecuniary saving, physical health and domestic comfort.

In all intelligent circles total abstinence is a closed issue. No one who values his reputation for a knowledge of the latest results of science defends moderate drinking. This attitude of cultured sentiment has been brought about chiefly by four causes : (1) The progress of science as represented by the latest and

most approved text-books of physiology and hygiene. (2) The life insurance societies affirm that a man in middle life has a third better chance of long life as a total abstainer than a moderate drinker. (3) The progress of scientific temperance instruction in the public schools. (4) Most of the Protestant churches preach and practise it.

It is only fair to claim that the individual and the State should rise to the temperance level of approved scientific text-books, of the life insurance companies and of the public schools.

Will you not practise it for your own sake, as well as for an example worthy of the imitation of others? If it gives you pain to forego your habit of taking liquor, then you have reached a point where it is time, for your own sake, to abstain from it.

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#### MANUFACTURED ARTICLES.

A TEMPERANCE paper speaks of liquor sellers as persons "engaged in *making paupers and beggars.*" As this part of the community is a heavy burden to society, the men who are allowed to make them ought to be compelled to care for them. But if we remonstrate with those men engaged in this traffic of physical and moral destruction, they defiantly hurl in our face their license from the highest authority, authorizing them to carry on their infernal mission. There is indeed a strange incompleteness in a system

of government which authorizes men to make paupers and beggars, and then turn them over to the care of the people found in our churches and temperance organizations. Then they tell us we are to "go on with moral suasion, preach the Gospel, and try to save men, etc." But some of us are tired of playing scavenger for the liquor traffic.

Will you, my reader, vote that this business of making paupers is legitimate and ought to be fostered by this Dominion at an enormous expense? I hope not. We will meet with opposition, fallacious, illogical reasoning, and exhibitions of selfishness because the "craft by which they get their wealth is in danger," but we must not weary in our efforts. It will not do to sit down in supine inactivity, and mourn over the havoc wrought, for while we are doing so, the business of the drunkard-maker will go on—for the most conclusive of reasons—*it pays*. There is money in it, and these men will brave all shame and all dangers for big money. Dr. Withrow says:

"The Rev. Dr. Lucas told us the other day the story of a rum-seller who, when confronted with the results of his traffic, said, 'Yes, it's a damnable business; but there's money in it!' The worst of it is, that every voter in Ontario and in the Dominion, who does not do his utmost to abolish this traffic in the bodies and souls of men, is a *partner in the crime*. Let us, as a Province, roll away this reproach. Let us insist that there shall no longer come into the municipal and provincial treasury this ill-gotten

money, every coin of which is stained with blood, often of the innocent victims of this guilty traffic."

I hold that society has a right to protect itself against the business that makes paupers and drunkards, and against the paupers and drunkards that make the business.

### HOW DO YOU VOTE ?

HOW do you vote ?  
That is the question.

We ask not your party or creed,  
We ask not your race or complexion,  
Or how you have voted before—  
But how will you vote next election ?

You say you're a temperance man,  
That drink never tickles your palate ;  
We're glad, but we measure, you know,  
Our friends by their acts at the ballot.

Friend James is a "temperance man,"  
And so is our good neighbor Weller ;  
Both talk of strong drink as a curse,  
But keep it themselves in the cellar.

Friend Jones represents well the men  
Who pity the drunkard's condition ;  
But none of the three ever vote  
For strict, unreserved Prohibition.—*Sel.*



## A STALE TRICK.

Rev. D. Rogers, a veteran temperance worker, and author of "Shot and Shell for the Temperance Conflict," sends us the following facts, with the request that we expose them in the columns of *The Citizen*. A hotel-keeper in Western Ontario has issued a number of business cards, on which are printed his name and place of business, also, "Dealer in choice wines and liquors," etc., and on the reverse of the card the following:

"OLD TESTAMENT.—Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts.

"Let him drink, and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more.—*Proverbs xxxi. 6, 7.*

"NEW TESTAMENT.—Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.—1 *Tim. v. 23.*"

The above is a profane and contemptible attempt to make weak-minded people believe that his business has Scriptural sanction.

The passage from which the first extract is taken is one of the strongest denunciations of even the moderate use of strong drink, and the second is a most convincing piece of evidence that total abstinence, from even the mildest form of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, was the practice of at least one of the best and noblest preachers in the early Christian Church.

No one need be surprised at such stratagems on the part of those who are interested in sustaining the power of evil; they have been practised in the same interest ever since the arch-fiend began them, nearly six thousand years ago, when he tried to seduce the woman in Eden by similar slanderous lies about what the Almighty had said. And just as our race was cursed on that sad day by giving credence to the father of deception, so our race is cursed to-day by believing the falsehoods circulated in the interests of the liquor-selling business.—*F. S. Spence.*



#### GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

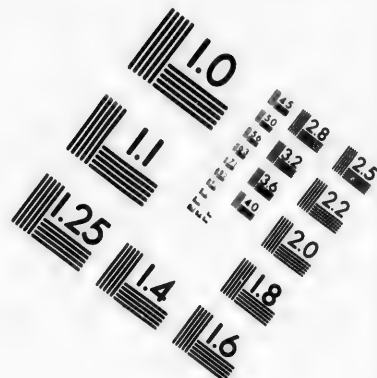
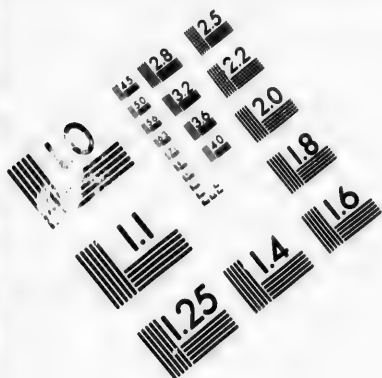
THE Bible declares that "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven," and that declaration makes it plain that temperance work is essentially a Gospel work. Rev. Dr. Dewart says: "The first moral command of God to man was, 'Thou shalt not,' and that plan of Prohibition is engrafted upon every page of the divine law. It is God's plan of treating vice. Gospel temperance is

therefore a misnomer to any effort that falls short of Prohibition. But, in violation of God's teaching, we have been forbidden to deal with wrong-doers, and been taught to confine our efforts to the reformation of their victims. Forgetting the example of Christ—who applied the scourge with well-directed blows, and made no effort to heal the sick until the money-changers were banished from the temple, and their tables had been overturned—we are commanded to embrace the rum-seller with affection; to make no effort to banish his unholy traffic; but leaving these cesspools of pollution to spread disease, seek the cure of the contagion thus engendered; giving license to these schools of vice, seek to reform the graduates who have obtained diplomas of crime, and leave the professors to continue instruction to the next class, selected from the rising generation.

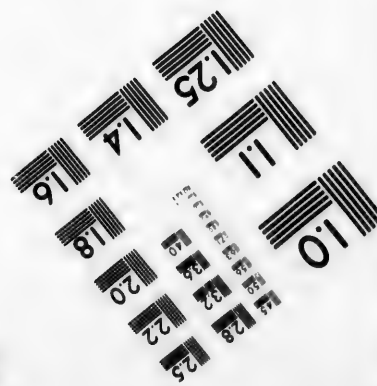
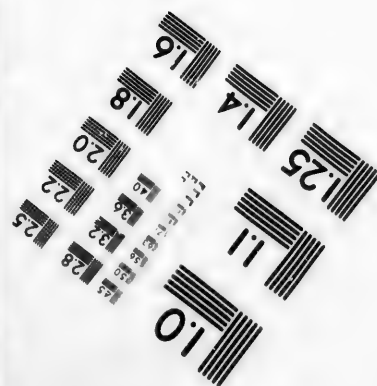
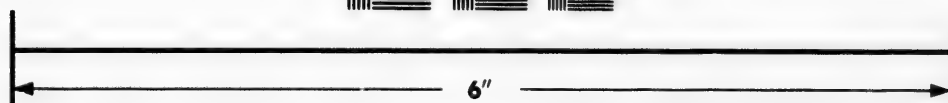
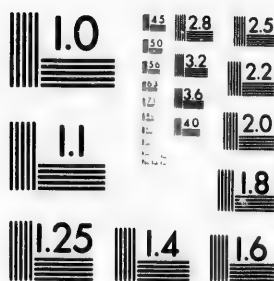
Forever banish any such theory of Gospel temperance. It is the plan taught not by God, but devised by devils to prevent the overthrow of vice. Gospel temperance teaches the sin of drinking, and does not confine that sin to the effects of drunkenness. It teaches the sin of putting the bottle to a neighbor's lips, and claims the right to prohibit all sin, and enforce its prohibitions, not only by divine but by human law, whose officers are commanded "not to bear the sword in vain," but "to execute wrath upon him who doeth evil."

As may be seen on another page, it is sought by some to uphold the traffic with quotations from Scrip-





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ture. Slavery was buttressed for years with the plea that the Bible sanctioned it. But it has long since been wiped out, and no one can now find any Scripture to favor such a monstrosity.

And we believe that in a few years the licensing of the liquor traffic will appear as absurd and cruel as does slavery to-day. We will wonder that we ever consented to have any part in such a vile business.

“ Smote by truth, fall ancient error,  
Reared by power, and propped by wrong ;  
And earth wonders, when they perish,  
That they stood the test so long.”

---

### TEMPERANCE AND THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

THE Church, by divine appointment, is the leader in moral reforms. She is able to detect, far in advance of the rest of mankind, the right side of a moral question. She cannot contemplate with indifference any movement for the moral and social improvement of the race. She cannot remain an idle spectator of the conflict between virtue and vice, right and wrong. Her voice must be heard, clear and clarion-like, upon all questions in which moral principles are involved. She seeks to bring about the golden age, pictured by heathen philosophers, in which all men shall dwell in harmony, and brotherhood become the universal law.

It is therefore the right—nay, the duty—of the Church to speak out boldly, through her authorized councils, upon moral issues. Hence we find Conferences, Assemblies, Synods, etc., unsparingly denounce the vicious principles underlying the license system, and advocate the total legal suppression of the traffic.

While we gratefully acknowledge these facts, we regret there are still members in all our churches, who, if not patrons of the traffic, are careless and indifferent in opposing it. In this connection I take pleasure in quoting the recent utterances of two grand men, Rev. T. L. Cuyler and Joseph Cook. Dr. Cuyler calls the Church to action after this fashion: "It seems to me that Christ's Church is as clearly bound to fight drunkenness, and the customs which lead to drunkenness, as it is to fight paganism, or infidelity, or Sabbath-breaking, or any other soul-destroying evil. It is not merely a bodily disease, but a soul-damning sin that we are to contend against. And in this warfare against the bottle there is a safe ground, and a broad common ground, on which all ministers and Churches ought to be able to stand together. The Church of Christ should antagonize not only the dram shop, but the dram; not only the saloon, but the social glass. The enemy is at our doors, brethren and sisters. It lies in wait for your sons and daughters. It is destroying more souls than any other single evil in the land. 'An old story,' do you say? Yes, it is, and so is every

sin and sorrow. The remedy, too, is an old remedy ; but no better has been discovered. The Church of God has got to take God's weapons—gospel truth, solid argument, loving personal effort, and the power of a clean example—and use them fearlessly and faithfully. In every prayer-meeting this enterprise ought to be remembered as earnestly as the sacred cause of missions. If Christians skulk away before this gigantic sin and curse, they brand themselves as cowards."

Joseph Cook says : "Four of your great Protestant denominations now refuse to admit rum-sellers to Church membership. Now I say two things—first, that when a traffic is so notoriously injurious that a man who practises it is excluded from Church membership by the common consent of the great body of Protestant denominations, then Church members in those denominations *ought not to legalize that traffic by their votes*. It is a flat contradiction for the Church with one hand to excommunicate rum-sellers, and with the other hand to legalize rum-selling. The second thing I say is, if the Church members would stand together and vote as they pray, the liquor traffic might be made an outlaw to-morrow." A few years ago, Hon. G. E. Foster, after enumerating the evils flowing from a licensed traffic, said : "And all this while the Christian Church prays and preaches and sings, collects money and sends out missionaries to the heathen, and allows the 10,000 drink shops to kill and destroy free white men and women for whom Christ died."

It has been affirmed again and again that the traffic in drink would be abolished and drink-shops could not exist if all the members of the Churches were a unit on this question. May God speed the day when it shall be so.

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### WOMEN AND TEMPERANCE.

**A**N American orator, speaking on the temperance question in Canada, some time ago, stated that "the struggle in this country is, and always has been, between *license* and *prohibition*. That was the case in the garden of Eden, and it is so still. The devil said 'Eat'; God said 'Thou shalt not.' Adam and Eve both obeyed the former. Man and woman both went in for license, but things are better now. *Some of the men and all of the women* are for Prohibition." And why should not women be active in this cause?

"They talk about a woman's sphere  
As though it had a limit :  
There's not a place in earth or heaven,  
There's not a task to mankind given,  
There's not a blessing or a woe,  
There's not a whisper, yes or no,  
There's not a life, or death, or birth  
That has a feather's weight of worth  
Without a woman in it."

They have all along taken a lively interest in this cause and have nobly done their share in promoting its advancement.

"This good Teetotal Wagon was running rather slow,  
Until the ladies lent a hand, and then it had to go ;  
For, when they fight for God and Right, it isn't worth denying  
They'll have their way and win the day, or else they'll die  
a-trying."

Their persistency in this cause led a saloon-keeper to say that W.C.T.U. meant "women constantly torment us." They have done a good work and their influence in nearly every philanthropic and Christian movement is recognized and felt as never before. Give them the franchise and they will make short work of a legalized liquor traffic. "In a better day than ours," says Joseph Cook, "woman's temperance vote will be to the whiskey rings what lightning is to the oak." In the meantime, they work and pray, and, as appears from the following, would seek to persuade men to vote in favor of this righteous measure :

"Josiah, put your slippers on,  
And cease your needless chatter ;  
I want to have a word with you  
About a little matter.

"Josiah, look me in the face ;  
You know this world's condition,  
Yet you have never cast a vote  
Right out for Prohibition.

"I heard you on your knees last night  
Ask help to keep from strayin' ;  
And now I want to know if you  
Will vote as you've been prayin' ?

" You've prayed as loud as any man,  
While with the tide a-floatin' ;  
Josiah, you must stop sich work,  
And do some better votin' !

" We women pray for better times,  
And work right hard to make 'em ;  
You men vote liquor with its crimes,  
And we just have to take 'em.

" How long, Josiah, must this be ?  
We work and pray 'gainst evil ;  
You pray all right, for what I see,  
But vote just for the devil !

" There now ! I've said my say, and you  
Just save your ammunition,  
And vote the way you've always prayed—  
For total Prohibition ! "

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A TWO-FOLD OBJECT.

THE earnest men of the churches and temperance organizations have a two-fold object in view. First, to persuade every man to pass a prohibitory liquor law upon himself.

" There is a little liquor shop  
Everyone may close ;  
It is that little liquor shop  
Just beneath his nose."

That is one constituency, certainly, over which he has control, and though there may be difficulty in some cases in enforcing the law, yet he has to aid him the



omnipotent hand of God. Our appeal is based upon the ground of self-sacrifice for the good of others. Underlying this appeal is the example of the great apostle "who counted not his life dear unto him," that it might be employed for the benefit of others, and who declares: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." The principal ground of our appeal, however, is love to Christ, and to the souls purchased by His blood. Oh! that we could all rise to the dignity of our calling, and identify ourselves with Him whose entire life was one of self-sacrifice for the world's good; who taught that sacred principle in all His actions, and heightened the majesty of it when, on the cross, He died in our room and in our stead.

The other object in view is the education of the public sentiment with a view of securing "legislative enactment, pronouncing illegal the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors."

The duty of the hour is unquestionably to enlighten the public mind, and educate the opinion of the people. This is being done, the signs of the times are most encouraging, and there are clearly describable good omens which cheer us in the conflict, and indicate the triumphant issue of the struggle in which we are engaged. Espousing the cause of Prohibition to-day are leading men in all the walks of life. The merchantman is now convinced that the commercial interests of this country are not wrapped up in the

liquor traffic, and repudiates the notion that was a few years ago unanimously accepted as a fact, that the destruction of the traffic would be the ruin of the country's trade. Politicians, too, are being aroused from the slumber of ages. Some of them have, for some years past, been fondly dreaming of their duty to the land. But the people have *recently* been knocking so distinctly at the halls of legislation that the honorable gentlemen are getting up, some of them persisting that they were not asleep, and it is evident the day is not far distant when the subject of Prohibition will be the main question agitating the country from one end to the other.

Every year our cause moves on apace, and the ultimate triumph of the work is guaranteed, not only by recent successes, but by the infallible Word of God.

“ In the distance, shining softly  
Like a beacon light from home,  
I see the star of Prohibition  
Beckoning to us through the gloom.  
We will neither faint nor falter,  
God is just, and right is right ;  
We will conquer, we must conquer,  
In this glorious temperance fight.”—*Sel.*



## ENTHUSIASTS, FANATICS, CRANKS, ETC.

**I**T has been often said that temperance people are enthusiasts and fanatics, as if it were a virtue to stand cold, unmoved, and even unconcerned while the licensed whiskey business is tossing its victims by thousands to eternal ruin. Let it be remembered that among the most earnest advocates of the measures for the suppression of drunkenness are many men who were once under its terrible power. They have felt its sting, and they strike it with arms nerved by the bitter memory of what they have suffered and lost. The strength of freedom is in their emancipated souls.

A temperance paper has spoken recently on this subject, from which we select the following :

"It was Sir Andrew Clarke, the great scientist, who paused in the midst of his busy life to declare the truth that seven out of ten of the diseases he came in contact with owed their origin to alcohol. And then the cautious, scholarly, philosophical scientist, said : ' It is when I think of this that I am disposed to rush to the opposite extreme, and to give up my profession, to give up everything else, and to go forth on a holy crusade, preaching to all men, beware of the enemy of our race.' Sir Andrew has gone to the other world and the press teems with complimentary articles upon his wonderful life, his astounding scientific achievements, and the honors he won; but we never see a reference to this most notable

utterance, which is a powerful defence for the greatest enthusiast in the ranks of the temperance army. It was another great doctor and scientist, still spared to the world, Sir Benj. Ward Richardson, who said: 'In the meantime, it is our duty, whether it be called fanatical or philosophical, practical or impractical, advantageous to class interests or opposed to them, to suppress this evil at its root, and endeavor to make this earth something nearer heaven, by pulling down from its high place the demon drink, who still reigns so triumphantly in the land in which we live.' "

On the occasion of his preaching a temperance sermon, the Venerable Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., said :

" Those who plead for temperance reform are daily charged with *exaggeration*. Exaggeration is never right, never wise, even when moral indignation renders it excusable; but before you repeat that hackneyed and irrelevant charge, remember that there never was a prophet or reformer yet, since time began, against whom the same charge has not been made. We have no need to exaggerate; our cause is overwhelmingly strong in its moral appeal to unvarnished realities, and we have nothing to do but set forth things as they are, till not only the serious and the earnest, but even the comfortable, the callous—yes, even the careful and selfish, unless they are content to forego altogether the name of patriot and the name of Christ—shall be compelled to note them for very shame."

To have hard names and abuse heaped upon tem-

perance advocates only indicate that our cause is progressing. It is but a tax which everyone has in one way or other to pay, whose opinions are somewhat in advance of his neighbor's. Such a change, however, has taken place in public opinion that the opponents of the liquor traffic have got fairly out of the slough of contempt, while those on the other side feel that instead of being assailants they are rather put on the defensive, and have to cudgel their brains for so-called arguments in excuse of their theory and their practice.

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#### TEMPERANCE SHOTS AT RANDOM SENT.

1. **B**EFORE you advocate license, look up the answer to the old question :

"Is it right to do evil that good may come?" That which is morally wrong can never be made *legally right*.

2. "You cannot make people moral by law." No, but you can make them immoral by licensing immoral institutions among them. And you can remove immoral institutions by law, and then the people will become more moral as a consequence.

3. When some one tried to rebuke Mark Guy Pearse for preaching temperance sermons by reminding him that his duty as pastor consisted in taking care of his flock, he replied : "The sheep are all right just now ; I am looking after the wolf." One way of caring for the sheep is to put an end to the wolf.

4. A Scotch woman once wanted to have the devil buried with his face downward, so that the more he scratched, the deeper he would go. So it should be with the liquor traffic—its face down, and no resurrection written on its back.

5. The Prohibition movement has been spreading and taking root. Our thoughts are crystalizing into ballots and that is the only power the traffic fears. A Western poet has put it thus:

“We can stand the preacher’s preaching,  
We can stand the deacon’s prayer,  
We can stand the ‘moral suasion’ plan  
Because they never ‘get there.’  
But when the cranks begin to vote  
On the line they used to pray,  
We liquor men begin to shake,  
For we fear they’ll win the day.”

6. High license for the privilege of whiskey-selling means that the whiskey-devil will strike higher game. It tends also to make an aristocracy of evil. The man who can afford to pay a thousand dollars for the privilege of helping the devil in his murderous work, ought to have a seat in his front parlor.

7. Statistics show that 10,000 people are killed by whiskey, where only one is killed by a mad dog. What of it? Shoot the mad dog, and license the sale of the whiskey.

8. Congressman Price, of Wisconsin, says “I am neither a crank nor a saint. I simply want the man who *will sell* liquor put in State’s prison for it, and the fellow who *will drink* it shut up in an insane

asylum, but I wouldn't for the world have you think I am at all radical on this question."

9. Dr. Talmage recently said "the temperance question overshadows all other public questions in importance." He thinks the bitter hostility to this movement and the misrepresentation "so far from retarding this heaven-descended cause will only help it, since no reform ever has succeeded, or ever will succeed, until it has had a baptism of fire—and literary caricature and political hate are only milestones on the way to victory."

10. A Quaker was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. "Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite. "Yes!" answered the Quaker, "it's just as easy as to open thy hand, friend." "Convince me of that, and I will promise you to do as you tell me," replied the drunkard. "Well, my friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again." We are told that the toper was so well pleased with this plain advice that he followed it and became a sober man.

11. That was a thrilling moment, when at a political meeting in Iowa, after a man had been vaunting the glories to be gained in the State by supporting the party that calls for "a saloon on every hill-top," the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" stole into the arena of strife, and swelled out grandly in the chorus

"There's No Place Like Home." Strong men buried their faces in their hands, weeping like children, and the arguments of Lucier himself would have been powerless to counteract the sentiment called up from its hiding places in brave men's hearts. "The home against the saloon" is a very unequal contest, if only the home gets fairly into the field.

12. I yield to none in my hatred of the unholy traffic in "distilled damnation," and in my desire to have it forever abolished, but I think it out of place in this warfare to *abuse* those engaged in it for the reason that the business has long had the sanction of law—that is, of the people. The people made the laws regulating this business. They are not pleased with the operation of their laws. The Prohibition movement is a motion to reconsider, with a view to repeal and amendment. The argument for Prohibition is not helped by bitter speech; it does not need denunciation; passion only hinders. If there must "come offences," let Prohibitionists see to it that they come not through them. In all that is done, let the amiability and the vigor which should characterize the work of Christian men engaged in a great cause, be maintained. Be wise as serpents, harmless as doves, and God will defend the right.

13. "Better be mum  
And always dumb  
Than pray with some  
'Thy Kingdom Come'—  
Then vote for rum.



"Vote as you pray,  
And haste the day  
When whiskey's sway  
Shall, as it may,  
Be done away.

"There's not a single bit of use  
To talk, and sing, and pray  
For righteousness and purity,  
Unless you vote that way."

### BLASTS FROM THE "RAM'S HORN."

Whiskey is the devil's looking-glass.

Woe to that land where the traffic is considered respectable.

There are men who starve their children to help the brewer fatten his horses.

Every moderate drinker is helping the devil to put in chains an army of boys.

Some men are bound in the devil's ropes, because they didn't try to break his threads.

It is astonishing how many kinds of people the devil can catch when he baits his hook with money.

The devil has both arms around the man who feels confident that moderate drinking won't hurt him.

If the devil could be kept out of the Church, it wouldn't be long until he would have to give up the whiskey business.

Take away the screens from all the saloon doors and you will make the devil lame in his best foot.

The man who is willing for whiskey to stay, is in no hurry for the devil to go, no matter how he prays in prayer-meeting.

One saloon in a town is all the devil ever asks for to begin with. Give him that and he won't worry about not being able to destroy boys enough.

If ever the devil feels proud of his work, it must be when he has made a man mean enough to starve his wife and children to death while helping to keep the saloon-keeper.

"You may think your heads are level,  
But I care not what you think ;  
You are voting for the devil,  
If you vote to license drink."

#### FAIR WARNING.

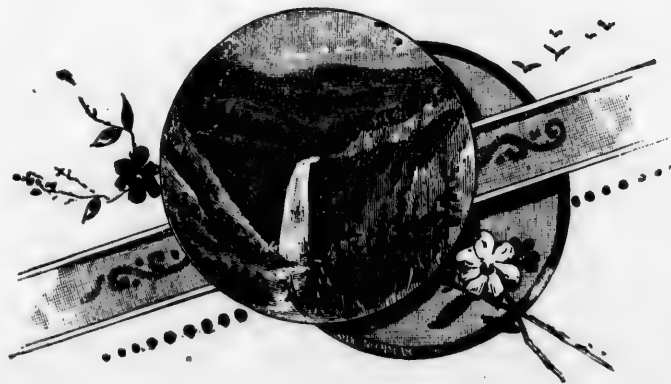
WILBERFORCE, of English annals,  
Waited patiently for years,  
Fighting on, though often vanquished,  
Yielding not to doubts and fears,  
Till at length he was rewarded  
By the shout of victory ;  
Through his persevering efforts  
Slaves were granted liberty.

Be forewarned, ye politicians,  
Eyes are watching far and near ;  
Your supporters hold the balance—  
They will *weigh* you, never fear.  
Be advised ; your friends are anxious  
You should worthy prove and true  
If you act as you have spoken,  
They will firmly stand by you.

But if not, prepare for changes,  
For the traffic they will rout ;  
If you trifle at this crisis  
They will vote you down and out,  
And elect those who *are* worthy,  
Men whose courage ne'er abates,  
Who will face the ranks opposing,  
Press the battle to the gates.

Oh, ye temperance men, be faithful !  
On your watchtowers firmly stand—  
See ! the foes of Prohibition  
Mustering forces through the land !  
Buckle on afresh your armor,  
And for right still onward press,  
God, your captain in the conflict,  
He will pilot to success.

—Mrs. P. L. Grant.



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YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.



## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

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### PAGES FOR THE YOUNG.



DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—The remaining pages of this book are specially for you, and it is hoped you will find therein amusement and profit. We have kept you in mind all along, and have inserted a number of pictures and illustrations to interest *you—the men and women of the future*. We expect a great deal from the young in this warfare with the drink traffic. The chief thing is to persuade you to abstain from intoxicants, and implant in your minds and hearts an eternal hatred to the rum-fiend. Over sixty years ago Dr. Justin Edwards used to say to all his hearers, “The person who never drinks liquor can never become a drunkard,” and though much work has since been done in this reform, we have never been able to get one inch beyond that excellent precept. Will you memorize those eleven words, as they are in themselves a sure receipt to prevent drunkenness?

In these days of pipes and cigars, many of the boys are learning to use tobacco. In some of these pages you will find reliable information as to the injurious effects of it, and I am not without hope that some will be thereby induced to forever abstain from the use of the “nauseous weed.”

Here is a verse I often repeat when talking to

children, and I am sure your answer to the questions proposed will be, "No good."

"What good can it do, to smoke and to chew,  
To swear and to drink, and never to think,  
What the end will be?"

And the dear girls (God bless them) have a place and a work to do in this great and good cause. Women have suffered untold and unwritten wrongs because of the drinking habits of their husbands. It may be that when they promised to "love, comfort, honor and keep" them, they were what is called "harmless, moderate drinkers," but they were on the road traveled by every drunkard before them, and in danger of reaching its sad end. The girls of Canada have this matter largely in their own hands. Utter an emphatic "Nay" to the smoker, and to the drinker declare that

"The lips that touch wine  
Shall never touch mine."

"Don't marry a man to reform him,  
To God and your own self be true ;  
Don't link his vice to your virtue ;  
You'll rue it, dear girl, if you do.

"No matter how fervent his pleadings,  
Be not by his promises led ;  
If he can't be a man while a-wooing  
He'll never be one when he's wed.

"There's many a maiden has tried it,  
And proved a failure at last ;  
Better tread your life's pathway alone, dear,  
Than to wed a lover that's 'fast.'

"Mankind's much the same the world over,  
The exceptions you'll find are but few,  
And the rule is defeat and disaster—  
The chances are great against you.

"Don't trust your bright hopes for the future,  
The beautiful crown of your youth,  
To the keeping of him who holds lightly  
His fair name, his honor and truth.

"To 'honor and love' you must promise ;  
Don't pledge what you cannot fulfil.  
If he'll have no respect for himself, dear,  
Most surely you then never will.

"Make virtue the price of your favor ;  
Place wrong-doing under a ban ;  
And let him who would win you and wed you  
Prove himself in full measure a man !"





## TAKE THE PLEDGE, BOYS, AND KEEP IT.

## DARE TO DO RIGHT.

I HEREBY **Pledge** *myself that*, GOD BEING MY HELPER, *I will abstain from the use of all* INTOXICATING LIQUORS *as a Beverage: from the use of* TOBACCO *in any form; and also from* SWEARING and PROFANITY.

*Signed*

*Date*

MANY little boys and young men have taken the above pledge, and have kept it, too. Some men were once working together, and a little boy seemed to be in the way, and they said to him, "Get out of the road; what good are such things as you?" The little fellow looked up and thoughtfully said, "They make men out of such things as me." Well said; and if you are good temperance boys, and keep your pledge, you will make good temperance *men* by-and-bye. A little boy had signed the pledge. A gentleman—if we can call him such—said, "I can get that boy to drink wine." So he filled a glass and offered it to him, but the noble boy refused it, saying, "I have signed the pledge."

"I will give you half-a-dollar if you will drink."

"No, sir, I will not."

"I will give you a dollar."

"No, sir."

"Will you drink if I give you a \$10 bill?"

He looked at him, and it seemed desirable, but no change in his answer.

The man then pulled out his silver watch and said, "I will give you this nice silver watch if you will drink."

That was the greatest temptation, for most boys, you know, like a watch; but instead of yielding, he replied, "Sir, if I don't drink, I may some day have a *gold watch*." The boy was right, for many have spent all they made in drink. Instead of spending your money on this foolish indulgence, save it up for the missionary and other good causes, and God will bless you in your givings, and perhaps you may have the "gold watch some day."

A man who once was addicted to drink gave it up, and afterwards he was said to look the color of gold. The landlord said to him, "Why, Mr. Garner, you are beginning to look *yellow* since you gave up drinking!" Garner (putting his hand into his pocket and pulling out five or six sovereigns), replied, "Ay, and my *pocket* is beginning to look yellow too!"

You may be assured, my young friends, that prosperity cannot attend the use of strong drink. Solomon said, "It clothes a man with rags." Some time

ago a youth was put out as an apprentice and often had to go errands for the other and older apprentices. Part of his work was to procure their ardent spirits. But the youth never drank any himself. The others laughed at him and said he was "not man enough to drink." Under their abuse he often cried. But *every one* of these apprentices, we are told, is now a drunkard, or in a drunkard's grave. The young teetotaler is now owner of a large estate, which he has acquired by his industry, and he exerts a highly salutary influence where he lives.

Did you ever hear of a dog taking the pledge? Poor Cæsar followed his master one night to the tavern and they persuaded him to swallow some liquor. It made the poor brute tipsy, and he tumbled over, and played such queer antics that the toppers roared with laughter. The night after the man took him again to have some more fun, but they could not get him inside the door. They coaxed and drove, and the tavern-keeper offered some cake, but it was no use. Cæsar had taken the pledge; one trial of the drink was enough for him. He was not to be caught in a rum-trap the second time. It proved to be as good as a temperance lecture to all those toppers. The dog's master was never known to enter a tavern again. He made up his mind that he ought to know as much as Cæsar, and some of the other toppers followed his example.

Now, in regard to the second part of your pledge, it reads, "I will abstain from the use of Tobacco in any form." We have this as part of our pledge because we know it will be for your good to abstain from its use.

1. It will be good to abstain for *health's sake*. Some have become such slaves to it that they cannot even sit down to think without a cigar or pipe in their mouth. If they undertake to think without it, their hands tremble and their heads whirl. You will see, boys, it is better to let it alone and keep the head clear and the hand steady. It makes many who use it pale, puny and nervous.

2. It will be good for the *pocket* to abstain. If a boy uses a cigar every day at five cents, that will be \$18.25 a year gone away in smoke. Would it not be better to buy a suit of clothes, put \$5 in the bank and give the rest for the missions and the poor? What do you think of this old verse?

"Tobacco is a nauseous weed ;  
It was the devil sowed the seed ;  
It drains the pocket, soils the clothes,  
And makes a chimney of the nose."

Then you are to abstain from swearing. A higher authority than man has said, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," and He will not hold you "guiltless" if you do. I have known some boys who seemed to think it was manly to swear, as well as to smoke and drink ; but it is not.

The story is told of an errand boy in an office where there were four men. The boy was small of his age, and did not seem to grow much. One of the men said to him one day, "You'll never amount to much, you are too small."

"Well," said the little fellow, after a moment's

hesitation, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you gentlemen can do."

"Ah, what is that?" they asked.

I don't know as I ought to tell you," he said.

But they were anxious to know, and they urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"*I can keep from swearing,*" said the boy. I tell you there were some blushes on four manly faces in that office then, and there was not another word on the subject.

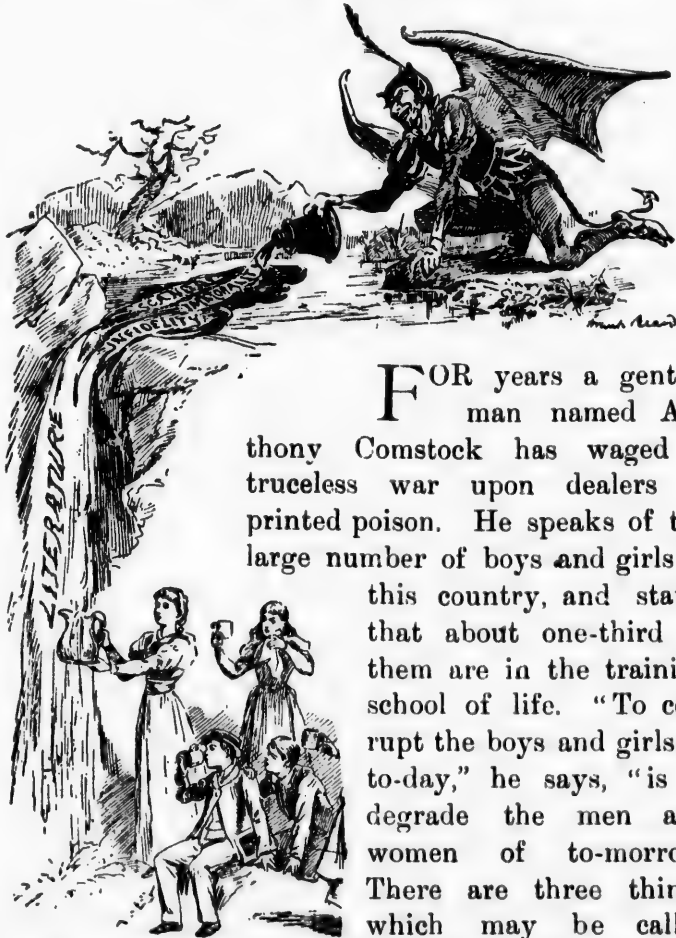
God will certainly punish, in the future world, those who "take His name in vain," and sometimes they are punished in this life; for He will not abide this sin.

"There was a young man standing on the railroad track in New Brunswick, blaspheming. The cars passed, and he was found on the track with his tongue cut out. People could not understand how, with comparatively little bruising of the rest of the body, his tongue could have been cut out."

You will see that the pledge says, "God being my helper." And He will help you if you ask. With your Heavenly Father's assistance you will grow up a joy to your parents and an ornament in society.



A WORD TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS  
ABOUT READING.



FOR years a gentleman named Anthony Comstock has waged a truceless war upon dealers in printed poison. He speaks of the large number of boys and girls in this country, and states that about one-third of them are in the training school of life. "To corrupt the boys and girls of to-day," he says, "is to degrade the men and women of to-morrow. There are three things which may be called

crime-breeders : (1) *Intemperance* ; (2) *gambling*, and (3) *evil reading*. Each of these degrade the indi-

vidual, wreck homes, beggar women and children, create crimes, and then foster them. One poisons the blood, burns up nerve and tissue, destroys the nervous system, and turns man into a brute. The second leads men to dishonesty, undermines industrious habits and common honesty. The third captivates the fancy of boys and girls, corrupts the thoughts, perverts the imagination, hardens the heart, and damns the soul."

There are many light, vicious publications, and you cannot be too careful as to the character of the books and papers you read. "A man is known by the company he keeps," and there is a companionship of books as well as of men. If you consult your best interests you will aim to live in the best company, whether it be of books or of men. Perhaps you have never thought of the intimate connection between bad reading and the commission of crime. Some months ago a twelve-year-old boy in one of the States, who was a constant reader of a number of well-known vicious books and papers, took his revenge upon a negro for a trifling injury by splitting his head open with an axe. In the boy's pocket was found one of these vile papers containing a thrilling illustration of a Southern tragedy where one man killed another with an axe. The youngster's crime was directly traceable to the reading of such immoral stuff.

Have nothing to do with bad books. Do not read them. Do not shelter them. Let the devil support his own literature. Let not curiosity lead you to read

them. It is not worth while to roll in a mud hole to see how it feels.

There never was a time when so many good books and papers could be obtained as the present. Seek them out, and reject forever those that "corrupt the thoughts, harden the heart, and damn the soul."

## TOUCH IT NEVER.

**C**HILDREN, do you see the wine,  
In the crystal goblet shine?  
Be not tempted by its charm:  
It will surely lead to harm.  
Children, hate it!  
Touch it never!  
Fight it ever!

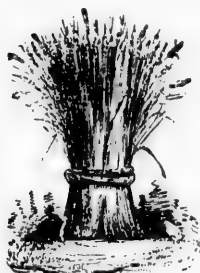
Never let it pass your lips;  
Never even let the tips  
Of your fingers touch the bowl;  
Hate it from your inmost soul.  
Truly hate it!  
Touch it never!  
Fight it ever!

Fight it! With God's help stand fast;  
Long as life or breath shall last.  
Heart meet heart and hand join hand;  
Hurl the demon from our land.  
Oh, then, hate it!  
Touch it never!  
Fight it ever!

—Sel.







## STRONG DRINK.

THERE is something in the world that  
Destroys health,  
Ruins the home,  
Increases poverty,  
Never does anyone any good,  
Kills both body and soul.

Could you imagine what that is, my little reader ?  
Just read the first letter of these five lines and see  
what word they will spell when put together. And  
then determine that this something shall never come  
inside your lips. Mr. E. Carswell composed the  
following "Song of the Corn":

" I was made to be *eaten*,  
And not to be *drank* ;  
To be threshed in a barn,  
Not soaked in a tank.  
I come as a blessing  
When put through a *mill* ;  
As a blight and a curse  
When run through a *still*.

Make me up into *loaves*,  
And your children are fed ;  
But, if into *drink*,  
I will starve them instead.  
In bread, I'm a servant,  
The eater shall rule ;  
In drink, I'm a master,  
The drinker a fool.  
Then remember the warning,  
My strength I'll employ—  
If eaten, to strengthen ;  
If drunk, to destroy."

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## ALCOHOL.

YOU have heard of the Philosopher's Stone, no doubt ; a wonderful stone which folks in years gone by were always trying to discover. They thought it would turn into gold everything that touched it. How very silly, wasn't it ? Another silly idea some had—they thought there was a certain liquid, which, if they drank, would make them live forever. They called it "The Elixir of Life." Some men spent their whole life trying to find it out—of course, they did not succeed. Why ? Because it was all rubbish—no such thing. One day an Arabian philosopher, who was trying to discover "The Elixir of Life," distilled a liquid which made those who drank it do some very silly things, so he said that it was an evil spirit—or, in his own language,

Al Ghoul, which means evil spirit. Do you know what it really was? Yes—alcohol. Alcohol being a corruption of the words Al Ghoul. He was quite right; alcohol *is* an evil spirit. Let us see—

I. What it is.

(1) It is a mocker. That is, it professes to be something which it is not. It tells you it is good; but in reality it is bad.

Illustration.—It professes to be a food; but in reality it is only a narcotic. Food strengthens, narcotics weaken.

(2) It is a deceiver. Many use strong drinks because they think them good and beneficial. These become slaves to drink, but it works their ruin and their death.

II. What it does.

Solomon says that it bites like a serpent and stings like an adder.

(1) It fascinates. A serpent lies hidden in the grass or in a hole. There is nothing bold or heroic about it. Then, when it has got its victims near enough, it fascinates them, so that they cannot escape. Thus it is with drink—it hides under a pleasant form or taste, and then fascinates its victims so that they cannot escape.

(2) It destroys. A serpent bites and an adder stings when they have got their victims in their power, so destroying them. So with alcohol; it strikes a man, poisoning his blood, destroying his intellect, often destroying him altogether.

## III. What are we to do ?

We must take Solomon's advice when he tells us not to look on the wine when it is red, which means the juice of the grape when fermented. If we do not wish to be fools, we must not be deceived by alcohol, which is certainly an evil spirit, and "he who is deceived thereby is not wise."—*Sel.*



## WHERE HE USUALLY BEGINS.

**D**O you want to know where a boy begins to be fast? With a cigarette. It is the lad's first step in bravado, resistance of sober morality, and a bold step in disobedience. Our country has legislated against the sale of tobacco to boys, and a number of the States have done the same. Other nations are legislating against it. Germany, with all her smoke, says, "No tobacco in the schools." Knock at the door of the great military institutions of France; "No tobacco," is the response, and in many other places "Drop that cigarette" is the word. And yet it is to be feared that the habit of using tobacco is not decreasing. A merchant doing a business of \$10,000, told me he sold, annually, about \$1,600 worth of tobacco. Our young people need to be instructed concerning its physical and moral effects. The make-up and contents of the cigarette usually found to-day is that of unripe or imperfectly prepared tobacco. Dr. L. E. Keeley says, "It is usually soaked in nicotine, which is largely impregnated with opium, stramonium, and belladonna. The wrapper of each cigarette is generally rice paper, whitened with arsenic." Medical evidence is unanimous against it.

A strong argument also against its use is the intense nausea and sickness felt by persons in their first attempt at smoking or chewing. It is nature's protest against its abuse. Many a lad who has gone to ruin was first led astray through this habit. It led into

evil company, and it created an unnatural thirst—which induced drinking. Statistics show that the smoking teetotaler is five times as liable to break his pledge as the non-smoker.

Parents, teachers and ministers should discourage its use, and we believe the secular as well as the religious papers ought to denounce it at every opportunity.

Boys—do not use tobacco. You never will get enough pleasure out of it to pay you for what it will make you suffer, and if you never begin you will never have the longing for it which those have who have contracted the habit.

It will be a glorious day for our boys when they can see how much more manly it is to have a clean mouth, a clear head, and strong nerves; to be able to say “No” to temptations; to have right principles, and moral courage to live up to those principles.

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### INSIDE OR OUT.

BOYS and young men should know when to say “No,” and having decided for the right, stick to it; or, as Davy Crocket said, “Be sure you are right, then go ahead.”

The *Youth's Temperance Banner* relates the following:—A boy who had been brought up a staunch teetotaler was about to be apprenticed. The foreman offered him a glass of beer. The little fellow said, “I

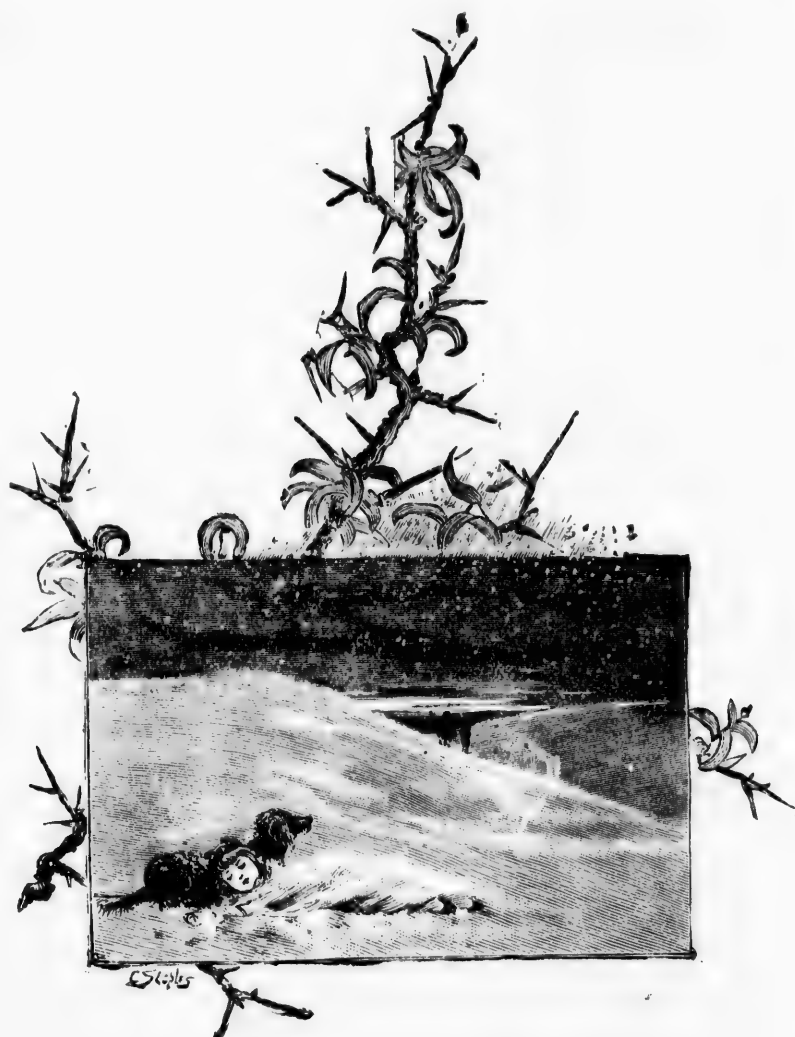
never touch that stuff." "Halloa, youngster," replied the foreman, "we never have teetotalers here." "If you have me, you'll have one," returned the boy. The foreman was irritated, and, holding up the glass of beer, he said, "Now, my boy, there is only one master here. You'll either have this inside or outside." The little fellow said, "Well, you can please yourself. I brought my clean jacket with me and a good character. You may spoil my jacket, but you sha'n't spoil my character!"

### WOODIE'S TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

SOME people laugh and wonder  
 What little boys can do  
 To help this temp'rance thunder  
 Roll all the big world through;  
 I'd have them look behind them,  
 When *they* were small, and then  
 I'd like just to remind them  
 That little boys make men!

The bud becomes a flower,  
 The acorn grows a tree,  
 The minutes make the hour—  
 'Tis just the same with me.  
 I'm small, but I am growing  
 As quickly as I can;  
 And a temp'rance boy like me is bound  
 To make a *temp'rance man*!





## THE GREEDY BOTTLE.

A POOR, under-sized boy named Tim, sitting by a bottle, and looking in, said, "I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it." His mother had mended his clothes, but said his shoes were so bad he must go barefoot. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there were no shoes in it, and he was frightened, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat down again, and sobbed so hard that he did not hear a step beside him, until a voice said :

"Well! what's all this?" He sprang up in great alarm; it was his father.

"Who broke my bottle?" he said.

"I did," said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror and half between his sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up.

The voice did not sound as he had expected. The truth was, his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was looking for a pair of new shoes; I want a pair of new shoes awful bad—all the other chaps wear shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?" the father asked.

"Why, mother said so; I asked her for some new shoes, and she said they had gone in the black bottle and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things; and

I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it! I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father. I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that his father had not been angry with him. Two days after, he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! New shoes!" he shouted.

"O father, did you get a new bottle? And were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right—the things all went into the bottle, but you see getting them out is no easy matter; so, God helping me, I am going to keep them out after this."

### A DANGEROUS ROAD.

THE country became very much alarmed at the numerous and frightful railroad accidents which occurred during the months of September and October, 1893. But nothing has occurred so terrible on any or all of the railroads of the land, or caused so great numbers to suffer by it, as the one we are about to relate. It is the most appalling on record.

When the excursionists stepped on board the train, little did they think what scenes they should be called to witness, or in what a tragedy they were

about to participate. As the train moved slowly out of the magnificent station-house, all was gaiety and cheer. Not one of the thousands of passengers thought of examining the engine or the brakes; and, as they rolled along the gradually descending grade, no one thought of the tremendous power that was drawing them, or of the accelerated speed with which they were every moment advancing. Some even slept, while others engaged in amusements to while away the time. No bell was rung; no whistle gave intimation of danger. Faster and faster the cars moved on, until they seemed to fly upon a cloud of dust and smoke. In vain did the waving of flags along the track give warning of danger, as the train shot forward to the open drawbridge. One place after another was passed without being noticed, and even the cruel operation of the conductors, in throwing out passengers at certain places along the road, did not arrest attention, until those who were ejected struck the ground, when a deep impression of distance from the place of starting seemed to be awakened. By those within the cars, the heaps of dead and dying which had been thrown out along the track were scarcely noticed, while to those without the sight was perfectly appalling. So great was the speed of the train, as it advanced towards its fatal plunge, that many travelers became delirious, and many more insensible.

The name of the place from which the train started was Sippington; it moved slowly to Tippleton and

Toperville, until it reached Drunkard's Curve, when it shot ahead to Beggarstown, Prisionton, Deliriumton, Demonland and Destruction, with a speed that beggar's description.—*Anon.*

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### THE TRIPLE PLEDGE.

#### STRONG DRINK.

WE will not buy,  
 We will not make,  
 We will not use,  
 We will not take  
 Wine, cider, beer,  
 Rum, whiskey, gin,  
 Because they lead  
 Mankind to sin.

#### TOBACCO.

We will not smoke  
 The smoker's pets,  
 Those little things  
 Called cigarettes ;  
 We will not chew,  
 We will not snuff,  
 Nor waste our time  
 In playing puff.

#### PROFANITY.

We will not curse,  
 Though many dare  
 Open their lips  
 To curse and swear ,  
 Our words shall be  
 Both pure and plain ;  
 We will not take  
 God's name in vain.—*Sel.*

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## A PARABLE.

A GENTLEMAN bought of a dealer a beautiful, ornamental fruit tree, and had it planted in his lawn in front of his house. It grew, and at length produced a fruit most tempting to the eye. The children of the house were permitted to play at will beneath the tree. In their ignorance, the little ones put forth their hands and partook of the tempting fruit. In a short while all took ill, and in spite of skilful treatment one child died. The gentleman thus discovering the dangerous nature of the tree he possessed, but having set his heart upon it, determined not to destroy, but to build a railing around it, and gave strict injunctions to the gardener to see that the children did not climb over. But vigilance will sometimes be relaxed, and again the children reached the fruit, and again fatal results followed. This time the father, brought to his senses by his sorrow, had the tree cut down, and destroyed in the fire.

This tree is the liquor traffic. The gentleman is our government. The children are the people. The gardener is the executive of the law, and the treatment of the tree is the treatment accorded the traffic; only we have not yet reached the last stage—the destruction of the tree.—*Rev. C. McKillop.*

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## JOHNNY LEA.

I'M Johnny Lea, just ten years old,  
 A sturdy L. T. L.,  
 My badge is blue, to this I'm true,  
 And 'tend my chapter well.

I'll never smoke nor chew, indeed  
 'Tis just a fearful waste  
 Of needed cash, for poisonous trash  
 Repulsive to my taste.

In apples ripe with rosy cheeks,  
 I'll take, whene'er I may,  
 My cider sweet as food to eat  
 It's just the safest way.

Instead of beer, the nice sweet milk  
 That Brindle gives I'll take ;  
 'Tis better far, nor will it mar  
 The path I strive to make.

When I'm a man I'll vote for right  
 Till each saloon is gone,  
 And all our land curse free shall stand—  
 My name will then be John !—*Sel.*



## A FUNNY TEMPERANCE TALE.

A MOUSE fell into a beer vat, poor thing! and a cat passing by saw the struggling little creature.

The mouse said to the cat, "Help me out of my difficulty."



"If I do I shall eat you," said the cat.

"Very well," replied the mouse; "I would rather be eaten by a decent cat than drowned in such a horrible mess of stuff as this."

It was a sensible cat, and said, "I certainly shall eat you, and you must promise me, on your word of honor, that I may do so."

"Very well, I will give you the promise."

So the cat fished the mouse out, and, trusting to the promise, she dropped it for an instant.

The mouse darted away, and crept into a hole in the corner where the cat could not get him.

"But, didn't you promise me I might eat you?" said puss.

"Yes, I did," replied the mouse, "but didn't you know that when I made the promise I was in liquor?"

And how many other promises made in liquor have been broken?

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#### A PRAYER.

OUR Heavenly Father, we pray thee to look down with favor on all the efforts of thy people to elevate and bless humanity. Give wisdom and zeal to those charged with the training of the young at home and in the school. May they cultivate the affections as well as the minds and manners of those entrusted to their care. Bless the conductors of the press, both secular and religious. May they not pander to the tastes of the ungodly, but let their great power be always used on the side of virtue and truth. Restrain the reckless wickedness of those who would rouse the baser passions of mankind by selling impure books or papers, by leading others into dens of shame, by deceiving the simple in gambling saloons, by putting the bottle to their

neighbor's lips. Help and strengthen us by thy Spirit to resist evil in every form, to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thee all our days. Amen.



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